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## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### PARIS.

Comte Charles de Mornay—His Wit and Good Nature—Made-  
moiselle Mars in *Henri III.*—Some Account of the Play—  
Love and Ambition—Curious Incident—Wordsworth's Poems  
—Admiration of his Writings—Religion displayed by the  
Upper Classes—The Duc de Bordeaux—Popularity of the  
Duchesse du Berri—Anecdote of her—Walter Savage Lan-  
dor—His *Imaginary Conversations*—Sir William Gell—The  
Duc d'Orleans—His Enviably Situation—The Duc de Char-  
tres—Genius of Shelley—Beauty of his Writings—His Wild  
Theories—William Spencer, the Poet—Melancholy Change  
in him—French Prejudices towards the English—Example  
of it—Accomplishments of French Ladies—Her talent for  
Conversation, - - - - - 13

### CHAPTER II.

Conquerors of the Revolution in France—Corruption of the  
Regency—Sarcastic Verses of St. Evremond—Reign of  
Louis the Fifteenth—Lessons taught by Affliction—Dangers  
of Anarchy—The *Haute Noblesse* previously to the Revo-  
lution—Want of Affection between Parents and Children—  
Superficial Judgments erroneous—Infrequency of Elope-  
ments in France—Servitude in England and France con-  
trasted—French Masters and Mistresses—Treatment of

Servants—Avoidance of Politics—French Discontent—Charles the Tenth—National Prosperity—The Duchesse de Guiche and her two Sons—Position of the Duc de Guiche.

31

### CHAPTER III.

Approach of Spring—Fogs on the Seine—The Jardins des Tuilleries—Impurity of the London Atmosphere—Exhilaration of the Spirits—Anecdote—The Catholic Question—Lord Rosslyn—The Duke of Wellington—Merits of a Cook—*Amour Propre* of a Parisian Cook—English Sauce—A Gourmand and an Epicure—The Duc de Talleyrand—A perfect Dinner—The Marquis de L———House-hunting again—Letter from Lord B———The Hotel Monaco—College of St. Barbe—The Duchesse de Guiche and her Sons—A Mother's Triumph—Spirit of Emulation—The Quarter called the Pays Latin—An Author's Dress—Aspect of the Women—A Life of Study—Amabel Tastu's Poems—Effect of Living much in Society—Mr. W. Spencer—His Abstraction—Disadvantages of Civilization—Confession of Madame de ———A Hint to Comte ———on visiting London—Suspicion of Poverty—A *Diner Maigre*—Luxurious Bishops. 47

### CHAPTER IV.

Romantic Feelings of Lady C———True Love—Disagreeable Neighbours—Credulity—Mademoiselle Delphine Gay—French Novels—French Critics—Eligible Mansions—Comforts of Seclusion—Genius of L. E. L.—The Comtesse d'O———A Brilliant Talker—Letter from Mrs. Hare—Extreme Hospitality—Long Champs—Exhibition of Spring Fashions—French Beauties—Animated Scene—Promenade at Long Champs—Extravagance of Mademoiselle du The—Modern Morals—*Cinq Mars*, by Comte Alfred de Vigny—His Style—Strictures on Mankind—The best Philosophy—Speech of Lord Grey—The Caterpillar—A Voracious Appetite—A Refined Lady—*La Chronique du Temps de Charles IX*, by Prosper Merimee—Estimation of Sir Walter Scott

—Jules Janin—Injudicious Praise—Renewal of Youth—Self-Deception—Gray Hairs. - - - - -	66
---	----

## CHAPTER V.

Victor Hugo's <i>Derniers Jours d'un Condamné</i> —Value of Common Sense—Conscience—Cunning—Curiosity Shops, or the Quai d'Orsay—Expensive and Tasteful Gifts—An Avaricious Vender—A Moral—Anonymous Scribbler—Weakness of Mind—Poems of Mrs. Hemans—The Minds of Genius—Poetesses of England—Arrival of Lord B— —The Catholic Question carried—Irish Prejudices—Letters from Absent Friends—Sir William Gell—The Archbishop of Tarentum—Discoveries at Pompeii—Novel of <i>The Disowned</i> —Advantages to be derived from the Perusal of Works of Fiction—Politics—Charles the Tenth unpopular—Charles the First—The House of Bourbon—"Uneasy lies the Head that wears a Crown"—The Duc de T—Mr. Hook's <i>Sayings and Doings</i> —Visit to the Hotel Monaco.	85
--	----

## CHAPTER VI.

A New Residence—Consolation in Sickness—House in the Rue de Matignon—Its Interior described—The Library—Drive in the Bois de Boulogne—Atmospheric Influence—The Rocher de Cancale—A <i>Diner de Restaurant</i> —A Gay Sight—Good Taste in Dress innate in Frenchwomen—Well-appointed Carriages—Soldier-like Air of the Male Population—Observation of the Emperor Napoleon—Characteristics of the British Soldier—National Anthem—Changes on the Journey of Life—Captain Marryat's <i>Naval Officer</i> —Performance of <i>Latour d'Auvergne</i> —Letter of Carnot—Distinction awarded to merit by Napoleon—National Glory—Effect of Enthusiasm—Villa of the Duchesse de Montmorency—Residences on the Banks of the Thames—Bagatelle, the Seat of the Duc de Bordeaux—Earthly Happiness—Domestic Alterations—High Rents at Paris—Terrace and Aviary—Unsettled State. - - - - -	103
--	-----

## CHAPTER VII.

Unexpected Events—Mr. and Mrs. Mathews—Their Son Charles—Evening Party—Recitations and Songs—Pleasant Recollections—Visit to the *Jardin des Plantes*—Amusing Incident—Humorous Imitations—Intellectual Powers—Recourse to Reading—The Comte Montalembert—His Grief on the Death of his Daughter—Restraint imposed by Society—Fate of the Unfortunate—The Prince and Princess Soutzo—Particulars relative to them—Reverse of Fortune—Mr. Rogers and Mr. Luttrell—Memory of Lord Byron—His Lampoon on Rogers—Love of Sarcasm—Conversation of Mr. Luttrell—Lord John Russell—His Qualifications—Monsieur Thiers—Monsieur Mignet—His Vigorous Writings—Friendship between Thiers and Mignet—The Baron Cailleux—Visit to the Louvre—Taste for the Fine Arts—The Marquis and Marquise de B———Clever People—Lord Allen and Sir Andrew Barnard—The Culinary Art. 119

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Luttrell—Society of Refined Englishmen—Mercurial Temperament of the French—Opposite Characters—M. Erard's Collection of Pictures—Antique *Bijouterie*—Lord Pembroke—The Duke of Hamilton—Dr. Parr—Reproof of the Duc de Blacas—Monsieur Mignet—His great Knowledge—A Clever Man—Influence of Conscience—Abilities of Lord Palmerston—Lord Castlereagh—His Uncle, the late Marquess of Londonderry—Dangers of Fashion—Mr. Cutlar Fergusson—The Baron and Baroness de Ruysch—A Mind at Ease—Dreary Weather—Sad State of the Streets—Fogs—Fascination of Madame Grassini—Sledge Party—Sledge of the Duc de Guiche—That of Comte d'Orsay's—Picturesque Night Scene—Revival of an Old Fashion—The Prince Polignac—His Amiable Manners—His Difficult Position. - - - - - 137

## CHAPTER IX.

Effects of Indisposition—Instability of Earthly Blessings—Captain William Anson (Brother of Lord Anson)—His varied Acquirements—The pretty Madame de la H———Prince Paul Lieven—Captain Cadogan (now Earl Cadogan)—Life at Sea—Visit to the Duchesse de Guiche—Her Warmth and Gentleness of Manner—Political Crisis—The Conquest of Algiers—General Excelmans—Rash Measure—Charles the Tenth—His Ministry unpopular—Prosperity of France—Extorted Concessions—Dissolution of the Chambers—The Public Press—Controversy—Commotion before the Hotel of the Minister des Finances—The Ministers insulted—Counsel of the Duc de Guiche—Serious Aspect of Affairs—Crowds in the Streets—Household of Charles the Tenth—Noblesse of his Court—Confusion and Alarm—Riotous Conduct—Firing on the People—Formation of Barricades—Absence of the Civil Authorities—Nocturnal Impressions—Comtes d’Orsay and Valeski—Scene in the Place de la Bourse—The Corps de Garde set on Fire—Darkness in the Rue Richelieu—Further Disturbances—Continued Depredations—Breach between the People and the Sovereign—Anecdote of Monsieur Salvandy. - - - - 151

## CHAPTER X.

The Dead paraded through the Streets to inflame the Populace—The Shops closed—The Duc de Raguse censured—His Supineness—Devotion of the Duc de Guiche to his Sovereign—The Military Dispositions defective—Flag of the Bourbons—Troops in Want of Refreshment—Destruction of the Royal Emblems—Disgusting Exhibition—Rumours of Fresh Disasters—Opinion of Sir Roger de Coverley—Revolutions the Carnivals of History—Observation of Voltaire—Doctors Pasquier and de Guise—Report of Fire-arms—Paucity of Provisions—Female Courage—Domestic Entrenchment—Further Hostilities—Conflicting Rumours—The Sublime and the Ridiculous—Juvenile Intrepidity—Fatality—The Soldiers and the Populace—Visit to Madame Craufurd—Barriade

in the Rue Verte—Approaching Mob—Safe Arrival in the Rue d'Anjou—Terror of Madame Craufurd—Her Anxiety for her Relatives—Composure of the Marquis d'Aligre—Riotous Assembly in the Rue Verte—Their conduct towards the Author—Dangerous Symbol of Aristocracy—Arrival at Home. - - - - - 166

## CHAPTER XI.

Familiarity of French Servants—Power of the People—Misguided Men—Further Rumours—Who are the People?—An Intruder—A Revolutionary Hero—The Tuilleries and the Louvre taken—Sir Thomas Lawrence's Portrait of the Dauphin—The Terrible and the Comic—Trophies of Victory—The Palace of the Archbishop of Paris sacked—Concessions of Charles the Tenth—The Duchesse de Berri—Lord Stuart de Rothesay—Noble Conduct—The Duchesse de Guiche—Her trying Situation—The Provisional Government—The Tri-coloured Flag—Meeting of the Deputies—Bitter Feelings towards the Royal Family—Bravery of the Populace—Lafayette and his Followers—Scene in the Street—"The Good Cause"—The wealthy M. Laffitte—Valuable Collections at Paris—Courageous Conduct of the Duchesse de Guiche—The Champions—Attack on the Hotel of the Duc de Guiche—Comte Alfred d'Orsay—Painful Position. 182

## CHAPTER XII.

Sanctuary of Home—Madame C———Intoxicated Revolutionist—His Good Nature—The Proprietor of a Wine-Shop—Politeness of all Classes in France—Barrack in the Rue Verte—Difficulty of obtaining Admission—Agitation of Madame C———Comte Valeski—The Barracks attacked and taken—Dangerous Route—Impassable Gulf between the Sovereign and the People—The Royal Cause hopeless—A Fine Youth killed—Reflections on his Death—Number of Persons killed during the last Three Days—Details of a Battle—Rumour respecting the Dauphin—Interment of the

Page—Fatality attending the Bourbons—Absence of the Dauphine—Revolt of the Troops—The Duchesse de Guiche at St. Germain—Her noble Bearing—The Duc de Gramont—The Chateau du Val, the Residence of the Princesse de Poix—The Fugitive Duchesse—Popularity of Lafayette—The Duc d'Orleans named Lieut.-General of France—Order restored—Abdication of Charles the Tenth—Renewed Excitement—Clamours against the King—A Fickle People—Wicked Rumours—The King quits Rambouillet—School of Adversity—Desertion by Friends—Route to Cherbourg. 199

## CHAPTER XIII.

Rumour relative to the Son of Napoleon—Unsettled State of Affairs—Conflicting Rumours—The Duke of Orleans—Chance of a Crown—Aspect of the Champs Elysees—Unsought popularity—Comte d'Orsay—Scene of Destruction—Shattered Trees—Pride of the People—Reaction after Excitement—Anecdote—The Jeweller's Wife—Passions of the French—Playing at Soldiers—Enthusiasm of the *Garde Nationale*—Return to Paris of the Duchesse de Guiche—Confidence of the Duc—Courage of the Duchesse—General Gerard—The Duke of Orleans accepts the Crown—Popularity an unstable Possession—Abilities of Louis Philippe—Expectations formed of him—Person of Lafayette—Appearance in public of the new Sovereign—The Queen—Her painful position—The King of the French in the Place Vendome—Monsieur Mignet—His varied acquirements—The celebrated General Peppe—Strange Infatuation—Charles the Tenth embarks at Cherbourg—Devotion to the exiled Bourbons—The English popular at Paris—Mr. Hamilton, Secretary of the Embassy—Brilliant Conversation of M. Thiers—The Prince and Princesse Soutzo—Mr. Poulter—Lesson of Resignation—Departure for England—Leave-taking—Adieu to Paris. - - - - - 215





# THE IDLER IN FRANCE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### PARIS.

Comte Charles de Mornay—His Wit and Good Nature—Mademoiselle Mars in *Henri III.*—Some Account of the Play—Love and Ambition—Curious Incident—Wordsworth's Poems—Admiration of his Writings—Religion displayed by the Upper Classes—The Duc de Bordeaux—Popularity of the Duchesse du Berri—Anecdote of her—Walter Savage Landor—His *Imaginary Conversations*—Sir William Gell—The Duc d'Orleans—His Envidable Situation—The Duc de Chartres—Genius of Shelley—Beauty of his Writings—His Wild Theories—William Spencer, the Poet—Melancholy Change in him—French Prejudices towards the English—Example of it—Accomplishments of French Ladies—Her talent for Conversation.

COUNT CHARLES DE MORNAY dined here yesterday, *en famille*. How clever and amusing he is! Even in his liveliest sallies there is the evidence of a mind that can reflect deeply, as well as clothe its thoughts in the happiest lan-

guage. To be witty, yet thoroughly good-natured as he is, never exercising his wit at the expense of others, indicates no less kindness of heart than talent.

I know few things more agreeable than to hear him and his cousin open the armoury of their wit, which, like summer lightning, flashes rapidly and brightly, but never wounds. In England, we are apt to consider wit and satire as nearly synonymous; for we hear of the clever sayings of our reputed wits, in nine cases out of ten, allied to some ill-natured *bon mot*, or pointed epigram. In France this is not the case, for some of the most witty men, and women too, whom I ever knew, are as remarkable for their good nature as for their cleverness. That wit which needs not the spur of malice is certainly the best, and is most frequently met with at Paris.

Went last evening to see Mademoiselle Mars in *Henri III.* Her acting was, as usual, inimitable. I was disappointed in the piece, of which I had heard much praise. It is what the French call *décousue*, but is interesting as a picture of the manners of the times which it represents. There is no want of action or bustle in it; on the contrary, it abounds in incidents: but they are, for the most part, puerile. As in our own *Othello*, a pocket handkerchief leads to the

*dénoûment*, reminding one of the truth of the verse,—

“What great events from trivial causes spring!”

The whole court of Henry the Third are brought on the scene, and with an attention to costume to be found only in a Parisian theatre. This strict attention to costume, and to all the other accessories appertaining to the epoch, *mis en scène*, is very advantageous to the pieces brought out here; but, even should they fail to give or preserve an illusion, it is always highly interesting as offering a *tableau de costume, et des mœurs des siècles passés*. The crowd brought on the stage in *Henri III.*, though it adds to the splendour of the scenic effect, produces a confusion in the plot; as does also the vast number of names and titles introduced during the scenes, which fatigue the attention and defy the memory of the spectators.

The fierce “Duc de Guise,” the slave at once of two passions, generally considered to be the most incompatible, Love and Ambition, is made to commit strange inconsistencies. “Saint Megrin” excites less interest than he ought; but the “Duchesse de Guise,” whose beautiful arm plays a *grand rôle*, must, as played by Mademoiselle Mars, have conquered all hearts *vi et armis*.

*Henri III.* has the most brilliant success, and, in despite of some faults, is full of genius, and the language is vigorous. Perhaps its very faults are to be attributed to an excess, rather than to a want, of power, and to a mind overflowing with a knowledge of the times he wished to represent; which led to a dilution of the strength of his scenes, by crowding into them too much extraneous matter.

A curious incident occurred during the representation. Two ladies—*gentlewomen* they could not be correctly styled—being seated in the *balcon*, were brought in closer contact, whether by the crowd, or otherwise, than was agreeable to them. From remonstrances they proceeded to murmurs, not only “loud, but deep,” and from murmurs—“tell it not in Ascalon, publish it not in Gath”—to violent pushing, and, at length, to blows. The audience were, as well they might be, shocked; the *gens d’armes* interfered, and order was soon restored. The extreme propriety of conduct that invariably prevails in a Parisian audience, and more especially in the female portion of it, renders the circumstance I have narrated remarkable.

Met Lady C., Lady H., and the usual circle of *habitués* last night at Madame C——’s. The first-mentioned lady surprises me every time

I meet her, by the exaggeration of her sentiments and the romantic notions she entertains. Love, eternal love, is her favourite topic of conversation; a topic unsuited to discussion at her age and in her position.

To hear a woman, no longer young, talking passionately of love, has something so absurd in it, that I am pained for Lady C., who is really a kind-hearted and amiable woman. Her definitions of the passion, and descriptions of its effects, remind me of the themes furnished by Scudery, and are as tiresome as the tales of a traveller recounted some fifty years after he has made his voyage. Lady H., who is older than Lady C., opens wide her round eyes, laughs, and exclaims, "Oh, dear!—how very strange!—well, that is so funny!" until Lady C. draws up with all the dignity of a heroine of romance, and asserts that "few, very few, are capable of either feeling or comprehending the passion." A fortunate state for those who are no longer able to inspire it!

To grow old gracefully, proves no ordinary powers of mind, more especially in one who has been (oh, what an odious phrase that same *has been* is!) a beauty. Well has it been observed by a French writer, that women no longer young and handsome should forget that they ever were so. †

I have been reading Wordsworth's poems again, and I verily believe for the fiftieth time. They contain a mine of lofty, beautiful, and natural thoughts. I never peruse them without feeling proud that England has such a poet, and without finding a love for the pure and the noble increased in my mind. Talk of the ideal in poetry! what is it in comparison with the positive and the natural, of which he gives such exquisite delineations, lifting his readers from Nature up to Nature's God? How eloquently does he portray the feelings awakened by fine scenery, and the thoughts to which it gives birth!

Wordsworth is, *par excellence*, the Poet of Religion, for his productions fill the mind with pure and holy aspirations. Fortunate is the poet who has quaffed inspiration in the purest of all its sources, Nature; and fortunate is the land that claims him for her own.

The influence exercised by courts over the habits of subjects, though carried to a less extent in our days than in past times, is still obvious at Paris in the display of religion assumed by the upper class. Coroneted carriages are to be seen every day at the doors of certain churches, which it is not very uncharitable to suppose might be less frequently beheld there if the King, Madame la Dauphine, and the Dau-

phin were less religious; and hands that have wielded a sword in many a well-fought battle-field, and hold the *bâton de maréchal* as a reward, may now be seen bearing a lighted *cierge* in some pious procession—the military air of the intrepid warrior lost in the humility of the devotee.

This general assumption of religion on the part of the courtiers reminds me forcibly of a passage in a poetical epistle, written, too, by a sovereign, who, unlike many monarchs, seemed to have had a due appreciation of the proneness of subjects to adopt the opinions of their rulers.

“L'exemple d'un monarque ordonne et se fait suivre:  
Quand Auguste buvoit, la Pologne étoit ivre;  
Quand Louis le Grand brûloit d'un tendre amour,  
Paris devint Cythère, et tout suivoit la cour;  
Lorsqu'il devint dévot, et ardent à la prière,  
Ses lâches courtisans marmotterent leur bréviaire.”

Should the Duc de Bordeaux arrive at the throne while yet in the hey-day of youth, and with the gaiety that generally accompanies that period of life, it will be amusing to witness the metamorphosis that will be effected in these same courtiers. There are doubtless many, and I am acquainted with some persons here, whose religion is as sincere and as fervent as is that of the royal personages of the court they

frequent; but I confess that I doubt whether the general mass of the upper class would *afficher* their piety as much as they now do if their regular attendance at divine worship was less likely to be known at the Tuilleries. The influence of a pious sovereign over the religious feelings of his people must be highly beneficial when they feel, instead of affecting to do so, the sanctity they profess.

When those in the possession of supreme power, and all the advantages it is supposed to confer, turn from the enjoyment of them to seek support from Heaven to meet the doom allotted to kings as well as subjects, the example is most salutary; for the piety of the rich and great is even more edifying than that of the poor and lowly, who are supposed to seek consolation which the prosperous are imagined not to require.

The Duchesse de Berri is very popular at Paris, and deservedly so. Her natural gaiety harmonizes with that of this lively people; and her love of the fine arts, and the liberal patronage she extends to them, gratify the Parisians.

I heard an anecdote of her to-day from an authority which leaves no doubt of its truth. Having commanded a brilliant *fête*, a heavy fall of snow drew from one of her courtiers a remark that the extreme cold would impede the



pleasure of the guests, who would suffer from it in coming and departing. "True," replied the Duchesse; "but if they in comfortable carriages, and enveloped in furs and cashmeres, can suffer from the severity of the weather, what must the poor endure?" And she instantly ordered a large sum of money to be forthwith distributed, to supply fuel to the indigent, saying—"While I dance, I shall have the pleasure of thinking the poor are not without the means of warmth."

Received a long and delightful letter from Walter Savage Landor. His is one of the most original minds I have ever encountered, and is joined to one of the finest natures. Living in the delightful solitude he has chosen near Florence, his time is passed in reading, reflecting, and writing; a life so blameless and so happy, that the philosophers of old, with whose thoughts his mind is so richly imbued, might, if envy could enter into such hearts, entertain it towards him.

Landor is a happy example of the effect of retirement on a great mind. Free from the interruptions which, if they harass not, at least impede the continuous flow of thought in those who live much in society, his mind has developed itself boldly, and acquired a vigour at which, perhaps, it might never have arrived, had he been compelled to live in a crowded

city, chafed by the contact with minds of an inferior calibre.

*The Imaginary Conversations* could never have been written amid the vexatious interruptions incidental to one mingling much in the scenes of busy life; for the voices of the sages of old with whom, beneath his own vines, Landor loves to commune, would have been inaudible in the turmoil of a populous town, and their secrets would not have been revealed to him. The friction of society may animate the man of talent into its exercise, but I am persuaded that solitude is essential to the perfect development of genius.

A letter from Sir William Gell, and, like all his letters, very amusing. Yet how different from Landor's! Both written beneath the sunny sky of Italy, both scholars, and nearly of the same age, nevertheless, how widely different are their letters!

Gell's, filled with lively and comic details of persons, seldom fail to make me laugh; Landor's, wholly devoted to literary subjects, set me thinking. Gell would die of *ennui* in the solitude Landor has selected; Landor would be chafed into irritation in the constant routine of visiting and dining-out in which Gell finds amusement. But here am I attempting to draw a parallel where none can be established,

for Landor is a man of genius, Gell a man of talent.

Was at the Opera last night, and saw the Duc d'Orléans there with his family. They are a fine-looking flock, male and female, and looked as happy as they are said to be.

I know no position more enviable than that of the Duc d'Orléans. Blessed with health, a princely revenue, an admirable wife, fine children, and many friends, he can have nothing to desire but a continuance of these blessings. Having experienced adversity, and nobly endured the ordeal, he must feel with an increased zest the happiness now accorded to him—a happiness that seems so full and complete, that I can fancy no addition possible to it.

His vast wealth may enable him to exercise a generosity that even sovereigns can rarely practise; his exalted rank, while it places him near a throne, precludes him from the eating cares that never fail to attend even the most solidly established one, and leaves him free to enjoy the happiness of domestic life in a family circle said to contain every ingredient for creating it.

The fondest husband, father, and brother, he is fortunate beyond most men in his domestic relations, and furnishes to France a bright example of irreproachable conduct and well-

merited felicity in them all. In the possession of so many blessings, I should, were I in his position (and he probably does, or he is not the sensible man I take him to be), tremble at the possibility of any event that could call him from the calm enjoyment of them to the giddy height and uneasy seat of a throne.

The present king is in the vale of years, the Dauphin not young, and the Duc de Bordeaux is but a child. Should anything occur to this child, then would the Duc d'Orléans stand in direct line after the Dauphin. I thought of this contingency last night as I looked on the happy family, and felt assured that were the Duc d'Orléans called to reign in France, these same faces would look less cloudless than they did then, for I am one of those who believe that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

With a good sense that characterizes the Duc d'Orléans, he has sent his sons to public schools—a measure well calculated not only to give them a just knowledge of the world, so often denied to princes, but to render them popular. The Duc de Chartres is an exceedingly handsome young man, and his brothers are fine youths. The Princesses are brought up immediately under the eye of their mother, who is allowed by every one to be a faultless model for her sex.

The Duc d'Orléans is said to be wholly engrossed in the future prospects of his children, and in insuring, as far as human foresight can insure, their prosperity.

I have been reading Shelley's works, in which I have found many beautiful thoughts. This man of genius—for decidedly such he was—has not yet been rendered justice to; the errors that shroud his poetry, as vapours rising from too rich a soil spread a mist that obstructs our view of the flowers that also spring from the same bed, have hindered us from appreciating the many beauties that abound in Shelley's writings. Alarmed by the poison that lurks in some of his wild speculations, we have slighted the antidote to be found in many others of them, and heaped obloquy on the fame of a poet whose genius and kindness of heart should have insured our pity for the errors of his creed.

He who was all charity has found none in the judgment pronounced on him by his contemporaries; but posterity will be more just. The wild theories and fanciful opinions of Shelley, on subjects too sacred to be approached lightly, carry with them their own condemnation; and so preclude the evil which pernicious doctrines, more logically reasoned, might produce on weak minds. His theories are vague, dreamy, always erroneous, and often absurd:

but the imagination of the poet, and the tenderness of heart of the man, plead for pardon for the false doctrines of the would-be philosopher; and those who most admire his poetry will be the least disposed to tolerate his anti-religious principles. As a proof that his life was far from being in accordance with his false creed, he enjoyed, up to his death, the friendship of some of the most excellent men, who deplored his errors, but who loved and valued him.

William Spencer, the poet, dined here yesterday. Alas! he has "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf," for though sometimes uttering brilliant thoughts, they are "like angel visits, few and far between;" and total silence, or half incoherent rhapsodies, mark the intervals.

This melancholy change is accounted for by the effects of an indulgence in wine, had recourse to in consequence of depression of spirits. Nor is this pernicious indulgence confined to the evening, for at a *déjeûne à la fourchette* at two o'clock, enough wine is drunk to dull his faculties for the rest of the day. What an unpoetical close to a life once so brilliant!

Alas, alas, for poor human nature! when, even though illumined by the ethereal spark, it can thus sully its higher destiny. I thought of the many fanciful and graceful poems so often perused with pleasure, written by Mr.

Spencer amid the brilliant *fêtes* in which he formerly passed his nights, and where he often found his inspirations. He was ever a courtly Muse, but without the hoop and train—a ball-room *belle* with alternate smiles and sentimentality, and witty withal. No out-bursting of passion, or touch of deep pathos, interrupted the equanimity of feeling of those who perused Spencer's verses; yet was their absence unmissed, for the fancy, wit, and sentiment that marked them all, and the graceful ease of the versification, rendered them precisely what they were intended for—*les vers de société*, the fitting volume elegantly bound to be placed in the *boudoir*.

And there sat the pet poet of gilded *salons*, whose sparkling sallies could once delight the fastidious circles in which he moved. His once bright eyes, glazed and lustreless, his cheeks sunken and pale, seeming only conscious of the presence of those around him when offered champagne, the excitement of which for a few brief moments produced some flashing *bon mot à propos de rien* passing at the time, after which his spirits subsided even more rapidly than did the bubbles of the wine that had given them their short excitement.

It made me sad to contemplate this wreck; but most of those around him appeared unconscious

of there being anything remarkable in his demeanour. They had not known him in his better days.

I am often amused and sometimes half-vexed, by witnessing the prejudices that still exist in France with regard to the English. These prejudices prevail in all ranks, and are, I am disposed to think, incurable.

They extend to trivial, as well as to more grave matters, and influence the opinions pronounced on all subjects. An example of this prejudice occurred a few weeks ago, when one of our most admired *belles* from London having arrived at Paris, her personal appearance was much canvassed. One person found her too tall, another discovered that she had too much *embonpoint*, and a third said her feet were much too large. A Frenchman, when appealed to for his opinion, declared "*Elle est très bien pour une Anglaise.*" I ought to add, that there was no English person present when he made this ungallant speech, which was repeated to me by a French lady, who laughed heartily at his notion.

If an Englishwoman enters a glover's, or shoemaker's shop, these worthies will only show her the largest gloves or shoes they have in their *magasins*, so persuaded are they that she cannot have a small hand or foot; and when they find their wares too large, and are compelled to



search for the smallest size, they seem discomposed as well as surprised, and inform the lady that they had no notion "*une dame Anglaise* could want small gloves or shoes."

That an Englishwoman can be witty, or brilliant in conversation, the French either doubt or profess to doubt; but if convinced against their will they exclaim, "*C'est drôle mais madame a l'esprit éminemment Français.*" Now this no Englishwoman has, or, in my opinion, can have; for it is peculiar, half-natural, and half-acquired.

Conversation in France, is an art successfully studied; to excel in which, not only much natural talent is required, but great fluency and a happy choice of words are indispensable. No one in Parisian society speaks ill, and many possess a readiness of wit, and a facility of turning it to account, that I have never seen exemplified in women of other countries.

A Frenchwoman talks well on every subject, from those of the most grave political importance, to the *dernière mode*. Her talent in this art is daily exercised, and consequently becomes perfected; while an Englishwoman, with more various and solid attainments, rarely, if ever, arrives at the ease and self confidence which would enable her to bring the treasures with which her mind is stored into play. So gene-

rally is the art of conversation cultivated in France, that even those with abilities that rise not beyond mediocrity can take their parts in it, not only without exposing the poverty of their intellects, but with even a show of talent that often imposes on strangers.

An Englishwoman, more concentrated in her feelings as well as in her pursuits, seldom devotes the time given by Frenchwomen to the superficial acquisition of a versatility of knowledge, which, though it enables *them* to converse fluently on various subjects, *she* would dread entering on, unless well versed in. My fair compatriots have consequently fewer topics, even if they had equal talent, to converse on; so that the *esprit* styled, *par excellence*, *l'esprit éminemment Français*, is precisely that to which we can urge the fewest pretensions.

This does not, however, dispose me to depreciate a talent, or art, for art it may be called, that renders society in France not only so brilliant but so agreeable, and which is attended with the salutary effect of banishing the ill-natured observations and personal remarks which too often supply the place of more harmless topics with us.

## CHAPTER II.

Conquerors of the Revolution in France—Corruption of the Regency—Sarcastic Verses of St. Evremond—Reign of Louis the Fifteenth—Lessons taught by Affliction—Dangers of Anarchy—The *Haute Noblesse* previously to the Revolution—Want of Affection between Parents and Children—Superficial Judgments erroneous—Infrequency of Elopements in France—Servitude in England and France contrasted—French Masters and Mistresses—Treatment of Servants—Avoidance of Politics—French Discontent—Charles the Tenth—National Prosperity—The Duchesse de Guiche and her two Sons—Position of the Duc de Guiche.

MUCH as I deplore some of the consequences of the Revolution in France, and the atrocities by which it was stained, it is impossible not to admit the great and salutary change effected in the habits and feelings of the people since that event. Who, can live on terms of intimacy with the French, without being struck by the difference between those of our time, and those of whom we read previously to that epoch? The system of education is totally different. The habits of domestic life are wholly changed. The relations between husband and wife, and parents and children, have assumed another character, by which the bonds of affection and

mutual dependences are drawn more closely together; and *home*, sweet *home*, the focus of domestic love, said to have been once an unknown blessing, at least among the *haute noblesse*, is now endeared by the discharge of reciprocal duties and warm sympathies.

It is impossible to doubt but that the Revolution of 1789, and the terrible scenes in the reign of terror which followed it, operated in producing the change to which I have referred. It found the greater portion of the *noblesse* luxuriating in pleasure, and thinking only of selfish, if not of criminal indulgence, in pursuits equally marked by puerility and vice.

The corruption of the regency planted the seeds of vice in French morals, and they yielded a plentiful harvest. How well has St. Evremont described that epoch in his playful but sarcastic verses!—

“ Une politique indulgente,  
De notre nature innocente,  
Favorisait tous les désirs;  
Tout goût paraissait légitime,  
La douce erreur ne s'appellait point crime,  
Les vices délicats se nommaient des plaisirs.”

But it was reserved for the reign of Louis the Fifteenth to develop still more extensively the corruption planted by his predecessor. The influence exercised on society by the baleful ex-

ample of his court had not yet ceased, and time had not been allowed for the reign of the mild monarch who succeeded that gross voluptuary to work the reform in manners, if not in morals, which his own personal habits were so well calculated to produce. It required the terrible lesson given by the Revolution to awaken the natural feelings of affection that had so long slumbered supinely in the enervated hearts of the higher classes in France, corrupted by long habits of indulgence in selfish gratifications. The lesson at once awoke even the most callous; while those, and there were many such, who required it not, furnished the noblest examples of high courage and self-devotion to the objects dear to them.

In exile and in poverty, when all extraneous sources of consolation were denied them, those who, if still plunged in pleasure and splendour might have remained insensible to the blessings of family ties, now turned to them with the yearning fondness with which a last comfort is clasped, and became sensible how little they had hitherto estimated them.

Once awakened from their too long and torpid slumber, the hearts purified by affliction learned to appreciate the blessings still lent them, and from the fearful epoch of the Revolution a gradual change may be traced in the habits and

feelings of the French people. Terrible has been the expiation of their former errors, but admirable has been the result; for nowhere can be now found more devoted parents, more dutiful children, or more attached relatives, than among the French *noblesse*.

If the lesson afforded by the Revolution to the upper class has been attended with a salutary effect, it has been scarcely less advantageous to the middle and lower; for it has taught them the dangers to be apprehended from the state of anarchy that ever follows on the heels of popular convulsions, exposing even those who participated in them to infinitely worse evils than those from which they hoped to escape by a subversion of the legitimate government.

These reflections have been suggested by a description given to me, by one who mixed much in Parisian society previously to the Revolution, of the habits, modes and usages of the *haute noblesse* of that period, and who is deeply sensible of the present regeneration. This person, than whom a more impartial recorder of the events of that epoch cannot be found, assured me that the accounts given in the memoirs and publications of the state of society at that epoch were by no means exaggerated, and that the domestic habits and affec-

tions at present so universally cultivated in France were, if not unknown, at least neglected.

Married people looked not to each other for happiness, and sought the aggrandizement, and not the felicity, of their children. The acquisition of wealth and splendour and the enjoyment of pleasure occupied their thoughts, and those parents who secured these advantages for their offspring, however they might have neglected to instil sentiments of morality and religion into their minds, believed that they had fully discharged their duty towards them. It was the want of natural affection between parents and children that led to the cynical observation uttered by a French philosopher of that day, who explained the partiality of grandfathers and grandmothers towards their grandchildren, by saying these last were the enemies of their enemies,—a reflection founded on the grossest selfishness.

The habit of judging persons and things superficially, is one of the defects that most frequently strike me in the Parisians. This defect arises not from a want of quickness of apprehension, but has its source in the vivacity peculiar to them, which precludes their bestowing sufficient time to form an accurate opinion on what they pronounce. Prone to judge from the exterior, rather than to study the interior

qualifications of those with whom they come in contact, the person who is perfectly well-dressed and well-mannered will be better received than he who, however highly recommended for mental superiority or fine qualities, happens to be ill-dressed, or troubled with *mauvaise honte*.

A woman, if ever so handsome, who is not dressed *à la mode*, will be pronounced plain in a Parisian *salon*; while a really plain woman wearing a robe made by Victorine and a cap by Herbault, will be considered *très bien, ou au moins bien gentille*. The person who can converse fluently on all the ordinary topics, though never uttering a single sentiment or opinion worth remembering, will be more highly thought of than the one who, with a mind abounding with knowledge, only speaks to elicit or convey information. Talent, to be appreciated in France, must be—like the wares in its shops—fully displayed; the French give no credit for what is kept in reserve.

I have been reading *Devereux*, and like it infinitely—even more than *Pelham*, which I estimated very highly. There is more thought and reflection in it, and the sentiments bear the stamp of a profound and elevated mind. The novels of this writer produce a totally different effect on me to that exercised by the works of other authors; they amuse less than they make



me think. Other novels banish thought, and interest me only in the fate of the actors; but these awaken a train of reflection that often withdraws me from the story, leaving me deeply impressed with the truth, beauty, and originality of the thoughts with which every page is pregnant.

All in Paris are talking of the *esclandre* of the late trial in London; and the comments made on it by the French prove how different are the views of morality taken by them and us.

Conversing with some ladies on this subject last night, they asserted that the infrequency of elopements in France proved the superiority of morals of the French, and that few examples ever occurred of a woman being so lost to virtue as to desert her children and abandon her home. "But if she should have rendered herself unworthy of any longer being the companion of her children, the partner of her home," asked one of the circle, "would it be more moral to remain under the roof she had dishonoured, and with the husband she had betrayed, than to fly, and so incur the penalty she had drawn on her head?" They were of opinion that the elopement was the most criminal part of the affair, and that Lady —— was less culpable than many other ladies, because she had not fled; and, consequently, that elopements proved a greater

demoralization than the sinful *liaisons* carried on without them.

Lady C—— endeavoured to prove that the flight frequently originated in a latent sense of honour and shame, which rendered the presence of the deceived husband and innocent children insufferable to her whose indulgence of a guilty passion had caused her to forfeit her right to the conjugal home; but they could not comprehend this, and persisted in thinking the woman who fled with her lover more guilty than her who remained under the roof of the husband she deceived.

One thing is quite clear, which is, that the woman who feels she dare not meet her wronged husband and children, if she dishonours them, will be more deterred from sin by the consciousness of the necessity of flight, which it imposes, than will be the one who sees no such necessity, and who dreads not the penalty she may be tempted to incur.

Lady C—— maintained that elopements are not a fair criterion for judging of the morality of a country; for that she who sins and flies is less hardened in guilt than she who remains and deceives: and the example is also less pernicious, as the one who has forfeited her place in society serves as a beacon to warn others; while she whose errors are known, yet

still retains hers, is a dangerous instance of the indulgence afforded to hardened duplicity. It is not the horror of guilt, but the dread of its exposure, that operates on the generality of minds; and this is not always sufficient to deter from sin.

Les Dames de B—— dined with us yesterday. They are very clever and amusing, and, what is better, are excellent women. Their attachment to each other, and devotion to their nephew, are edifying; and he appears worthy of it. Left an orphan when yet an infant, these sisters adopted their nephew, and for his sake have refused many advantageous offers of marriage, devoting themselves to forwarding his interests and insuring him their inheritance. They have shared his studies, taken part in his success, and entered into his pains and pleasures, made his friends theirs, and theirs his; no wonder, then, that he loves them so fondly, and is never happier than with them, taking a lively interest in all their pursuits.

These good and warm-hearted women are accused of being enthusiasts, and romantic. People say that at their age it is odd, if not absurd, to indulge in such exaggerated notions of attachment; nay more, to give such disinterested proofs of it. They may well smile at such

remarks, while conscious that their devotion to their nephew has not only secured his happiness, but constitutes their own; and that the warmth of affection for which they are censured, cheers the winter of their lives and diffuses a comfort over their existence unknown to the selfish mortals who live only for self.

They talked to me last night of the happiness they anticipated in seeing their nephew married. "He is so good, so excellent, that the person he selects cannot fail to love him fondly," said La Chanoinesse; "and we will love her so dearly for ensuring his happiness," added the other sister.

Who could know these two estimable women, without acknowledging how harsh and unjust are often the sweeping censures pronounced on those who are termed old maids?—a class in whose breasts the affections instinct in woman not being exercised by conjugal or maternal ties, expand into some other channel; and, if denied some dear object on which to place them, expends them on the domestic animals with which, in default of more rational favourites, they surround themselves.

Les Dames de B——, happier than many of the spinsters of their age, have an estimable object to bestow their affections on; but those who are less fortunate should rather excite our

pity than ridicule, for many and severe must have been the trials of that heart which turns at last, *dans le besoin d'aimer*, to the bird, dog, or cat, that renders solitude less lonely.

The difference between servitude in England and in France often strikes me, and more especially when I hear the frequent complaints made by English people of the insolence and familiarity of French servants. Unaccustomed to hear a servant reply to any censure passed on him, the English are apt to consider his doing so as a want of respect or subordination, though a French servant does not even dream that he is guilty of either when, according to the general habit of his class and country, he attempts an exculpation not always satisfactory to his employer, however it may be to himself.

A French master listens to the explanation patiently, or at least without any demonstration of anger, unless he finds it is not based on truth, when he reprehends the servant in a manner that satisfies the latter that all future attempts to avoid blame by misrepresentation will be unavailing. French servants imagine that they have the right to explain, and their employers do not deny it; consequently, when they change a French for an English master, they continue the same tone and manner to which they

have been used, and are not a little surprised to find themselves considered guilty of impertinence.

A French master and mistress issue their orders to their domestics with much more familiarity than the English do; take a lively interest in their welfare and happiness; advise them about their private concerns; inquire into the cause of any depression of spirits, or symptom of ill health they may observe, and make themselves acquainted with the circumstances of those in their establishment.

This system lessens the distance maintained between masters and servants, but does not really diminish the respect entertained by the latter towards their employers, who generally find around them humble friends, instead of, as with us, cold and calculating dependents, who repay our *hauteur* by a total indifference to our interests, and, while evincing all the external appearance of profound respect, entertain little of the true feeling of it to their masters.

Treating our servants as if they were automats created solely for our use, and who, being paid a certain remuneration for their services have no claim on us for kindness or sympathy, is a system very injurious to their morals and our own interests, and requires an amelioration. But while I deprecate the tone of fami-

liarity that so frequently shocks the untravelled English in the treatment of French employers to their servants, I should like to see more kindness of manner shown by the English to theirs. Nowhere are servants so well paid, clothed, fed, and lodged, as with us, and nowhere are they said to feel so little attachment to their masters; which can only be accounted for by the erroneous system to which I have referred.

—— came to see me to-day. He talked politics, and I am afraid went away shocked at perceiving how little interest I took in them. I like not political subjects in England, and avoid them whenever I can; but here I feel very much about them, as the Irishman is said to have felt when told that the house he was living in was on fire, and he answered “Sure, what’s that to me?—I am only a lodger!”

—— told me that France is in a very dangerous state; the people discontented, &c. &c. So I have heard every time I have visited Paris for the last ten years; and as to the people being discontented, when were they otherwise I should like to know? Never, at least since I have been acquainted with them; and it will require a sovereign such as France has not yet known to satisfy a people so versatile and excitable. Charles the Tenth is not popular. His religious turn, far from conciliating the respect or confi-

dence of his subjects, tends only to awaken their suspicions of his being influenced by the Jesuits—a suspicion fraught with evil, if not danger, to him.

Strange to say, all admit that France has not been so prosperous for years as at present. Its people are rapidly acquiring a love of commerce, and the wealth that springs from it, which induces me to imagine that they would not be disposed to risk the advantages they possess by any measure likely to subvert the present state of things. Nevertheless, more than one alarmist like — shake their heads and look solemn, foretelling that affairs cannot long go on as they are.

Of one thing I am convinced, and that is, that no sovereign, whatever may be his merits, can long remain popular in France; and that no prosperity, however brilliant, can prevent the people from those *émeutes* into which their excitable temperaments, rather than any real cause for discontent, hurry them. These *émeutes*, too, are less dangerous than we are led to think. They are safety-valves by which the exuberant spirits of the French people escape; and their national vanity, being satisfied with the display of their force, soon subside into tranquillity, if not aroused into protracted violence by unwise demonstrations of coercion.



The two eldest sons of the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche have entered the College of St. Barbe. This is a great trial to their mother, from whom they had never previously been separated a single day. Well might she be proud of them, on hearing the just eulogiums pronounced on the progress in their studies while under the paternal roof; for never did parents devote themselves more to the improvement of their children than the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche have done, and never did children offer a fairer prospect of rewarding their parents than do theirs.

It would have furnished a fine subject for a painter to see this beautiful woman, still in the zenith of her youth and charms, walking between these two noble boys, whose personal beauty is as remarkable as that of their parents, as she accompanied them to the college. The group reminded me of Cornelia and her sons, for there was the same classic *tournure* of heads and profiles, and the same elevated character of *spirituelle* beauty, that painters and sculptors always bestow on the young Roman matron and the Gracchii.

The Duc seemed impressed with a sentiment almost amounting to solemnity as he conducted his sons to St. Barbe. He thought probably, of the difference between their boyhood and his

own, passed in a foreign land and in exile; while they, brought up in the bosom of a happy home, have now left it for the first time. Well has he taught them to love the land of their birth, for even now their youthful hearts are filled with patriotic and chivalrous feelings!

It would be fortunate, indeed, for the King of France if he had many such men as the Duc de Guiche around him—men with enlightened minds, who have profitted by the lessons of adversity, and kept pace with the rapidly advancing knowledge of the times to which they belong.

Painful, indeed, would be the position of this excellent man should any circumstances occur that would place the royal family in jeopardy, for he is too sensible not to be aware of the errors that might lead to such a crisis, and too loyal not to share the perils he could not ward off; though he will never be among those who would incur them, for no one is more impressed with the necessity of justice and impartiality than he is.

## CHAPTER III.

Approach of Spring—Fogs on the Seine—The Jardins des Tuilleries—Impurity of the London Atmosphere—Exhilaration of the Spirits—Anecdote—The Catholic Question—Lord Rosslyn—The Duke of Wellington—Merits of a Cook—*Anour Propre* of a Parisian Cook—English Sauce—A Gourmand and an Epicure—The Duc de Talleyrand—A perfect Dinner—The Marquis de L——— —House-hunting again—Letter from Lord B—— —The Hotel Monaco—College of St. Barbe—The Duchesse de Guiche and her Sons—A Mother's Triumph—Spirit of Emulation—The Quarter called the Pays Latin—An Author's Dress—Aspect of the Women—A Life of Study—Amabel Tastu's Poems—Effect of Living much in Society—Mr. W. Spencer—His Abstraction—Disadvantages of Civilization—Confession of Madame de —— —A Hint to Comte —— on visiting London—Suspicion of Poverty—A *Diner Maigre*—Luxurious Bishops.

THE approach of spring is already visible here, and right glad am I to welcome its genial influence; for a Paris winter possesses in my opinion no superiority over a London one—nay, though it would be deemed by the French little less than a heresy to say so, is even more damp and disagreeable.

The Seine has her fogs, as dense, raw, and chilling, as those of old Father Thames himself; and the river approximating closer to “the gay

resorts" of the *beau monde*, they are more felt. Then the want of draining, and the vapours that stagnate over the turbid waters of the *ruisseaux* that intersect the streets at Paris, add to the humidity of the atmosphere; while the sewers in London convey away unseen and unfelt, if not always unsmelt, the rain which purifies, while it deluges, our streets. Heaven defend me, however, from uttering this disadvantageous comparison to Parisian ears, for the French are too fond of Paris not to be proud even of its *ruisseaux*, and incredulous of its fogs, and any censure on either would be ill received.

The gay butterflies when they first expand their vari-coloured wings and float in air, seem not more joyous than the Parisians have been during the last two days of sunshine. The Jardins de Tuilleries are crowded with well-dressed groups; the budding leaves have burst forth with that delicate green peculiar to early spring; and the chirping of innumerable birds, as they flit from tree to tree, announces the approach of the vernal season.

Paris is at no time so attractive, in my opinion, as in spring; and the verdure of the foliage during its infancy is so tender, yet bright, that it looks far more beautiful than with us in our London squares or parks, where no sooner do the leaves open into life, than they become

stained by the impurity of the atmosphere, which soon deposits its dingy particles on them, "making the green one"—black.

The Boulevards were well stocked with flowers to-day, the *bouquetières* having resumed their stalls; and many a pedestrian might be seen bargaining for these fair and frail harbingers of rosy spring.

How exhilarating are the effects of this season on the spirits depressed by the long and gloomy winter, and the frame rendered languid by the same cause! The heart begins to beat with more energetic movement, the blood flows more briskly through the veins; and the spirit of hope is revived in the human heart. This sympathy between awakening nature, on the earth, and on man, renders us more, than at any other period, fond of the country; for this is the season of promise; and we know that each coming day, for a certain time, will bestow some new beauty on all that is now budding forth, until glowing, laughing summer has replaced the fitful smiles and tears of spring.

And there are persons who tell me they experience naught of this elasticity of spirits at the approach of spring! How are such mortals to be pitied! Yet, perhaps, they are less so than we imagine, for the same insensibility that prevents their being exhilarated, may preclude

them from the depression so peculiar to all who have lively feelings.

“I see nothing so very delightful in spring,” said —— to me, yesterday. “*Au contraire*, I think it rather disagreeable, for the sunshine cheats one into the belief of warmth, and we go forth less warmly clad in consequence, so return home chilled by the sharp cold air which always prevails at this season, and find, as never fails to be the case, that our stupid servants have let out the fires, because, truly, the sun was shining in the cold blue sky.” —— reminds me of the man mentioned in Sterne’s works, who, when his friend looking on a beautiful prospect, compared a green field with a flock of snowy fleeced sheep on it, to a vast emerald studded with pearls, answered that *he* could see nothing in it but grass and mutton.

Lord B—— set out for London to-day, to vote on the Catholic question, which is to come on immediately. His going at this moment, when he is far from well, is no little sacrifice of personal comfort; but never did he consider self when a duty was to be performed. I wish the question was carried, and he safely back again. What would our political friends say if they knew how strongly I urged him not to go, but send his proxy to Lord Rosslyn? I would not have consented to his departure, were it not that

the Duke of Wellington takes such an interest in the measure.

How times are changed! and how much is due to those statesmen who yield up their own convictions for the general good! There is no action in the whole life of the Duke more glorious than his self-abnegation on this occasion, nor is that of the Tory leader of the House of Commons less praiseworthy; yet how many attacks will both incur by this sacrifice of their opinions to expediency! for when were the actions of public men judged free from the prejudices that discolour and distort all viewed through their medium? That which originates in the purest patriotism, will be termed an unworthy tergiversation; but the reward of these great and good men will be found in their own breasts. I am *triste* and unsettled, so will try the effect of a drive in the Bois de Boulogne.

I was forcibly reminded yesterday of the truth of an observation of a clever French writer, who says, that to judge the real merit of a cook, one should sit down to table without the least feeling of appetite, as the triumph of the culinary art was not to satisfy hunger, but to excite it. Our new cook achieved this triumph yesterday, for he is so inimitable an artist, that the flavour of his *plats* made even me, albeit unused to the sensation of hunger, feel disposed to render

justice to them. Monsieur Louis—for so he is named—has a great reputation in his art; and it is evident, even from the proof furnished of his *savoir faire* yesterday, that he merits it.

It is those only who have delicate appetites that can truly appreciate the talent of a cook; for they who devour soon lose the power of tasting. No symptom of that terrible malady, well named by the ingenious Grimod de la Reyniere *remors d'estomac*, but vulgarly called indigestion, follows my unusual indulgence in *entrées* and *entremets*, another delightful proof of the admirable skill of Monsieur Louis.

The English are apt to spoil French cooks by neglecting the *entrées* for the *pièce de resistance*, and, when the cook discovers this, which he is soon enabled to do by the slight breaches made in the first, and the large one in the second, his *amour propre* becomes wounded, and he begins to neglect his *entrées*. Be warned, then, by me, all ye who wish your cooks to retain their skill, and however your native tastes for that English favourite dish denominated “a plain joint” may prevail, never fail to taste the *entrée*.

*A propos* of cooks, an amusing instance of the *amour propre* of a Parisian cook was related to me by the gourmand Lord —, the last time we dined at his house. Wishing to have



a particular sauce made which he had tasted in London, and for which he got the receipt, he explained to his cook, an artist of great celebrity, how the component parts were to be amalgamated.

“How, my lord!” exclaimed *Monsieur le cuisinier*; “an English sauce! Is it possible your lordship can taste anything so barbarous? Why, years ago, my lord, a profound French philosopher described the English as a people who had a hundred religions, but only one sauce.”

More anxious to get the desired sauce than to defend the taste of his country, or correct the impertinence of his cook, Lord — immediately said, “On recollection, I find I made a mistake; the sauce I mean is *à la Hollandaise*, and not *à l’Anglaise*.”

“*À la bonheur*, my lord, *c’est autre chose*,” and the sauce was forthwith made, and was served at table the day we dined with Lord —.

An anecdote is told of the same cook, which Lord — relates with great good humour. The cook of another English nobleman conversing with him, said, “My master is like yours—a great *gourmand*.”

“Pardon me,” replied the other; “there is a vast difference between our masters. Yours is simply a *gourmand*, mine is an epicure as well.”

The Duc de Talleyrand, dining with us a few days ago, observed that to give a perfect dinner, the Amphytrion should have a French cook for soups, *entrées*, and *entremets*; an English *rotisseur*, and an Italian *confiseur*, as without these, a dinner could not be faultless. "But, alas!" said he—and he sighed while he spoke it—"the Revolution has destroyed our means of keeping these artists; and we eat now to support nature, instead of, as formerly, when we ate because it was a pleasure to eat." The good-natured Duc, nevertheless, seemed to eat his dinner as if he still continued to take a pleasure in the operation, and did ample justice to a certain *plat des cailles farcies* which he pronounced to be perfect.

Our landlord, le Marquis de L——, has sent to offer us the refusal of our beautiful abode. The Duc de N—— has proposed to take it for fourteen or twenty-one years, at the same rent we pay (an extravagant one, by the bye), and as we only took it for a year, we must either leave or hire it for fourteen or twenty-one years, which is out of the question.

Nothing can be more fair or honourable than the conduct of the Marquis de L——, for he laid before us the offer of the Duc de N——; but as we do not intend to remain more than two or three years more in Paris, we must leave this

charming house, to our infinite regret, when the year for which we have hired it expires. Gladly would we have engaged it for two, or even three years more, but this is now impossible; and we shall have the trouble of again going the round of house-hunting.

When I look on the suite of rooms in which I have passed such pleasant days, I am filled with regret at the prospect of leaving them, but it cannot be helped, so it is useless to repine. We have two months to look about us, and many friends who are occupied in assisting us in the search.

A letter from Lord B——; better, but still ailing. He presided at the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund Dinner, at the request of the Duke of Clarence. He writes me that he met there Lord F. Leveson Gower,\* who was introduced to him by Mr. Charles Greville, and of whom he has conceived a very high opinion. Lord B—— partakes my belief in physiognomy, but in this instance the impression formed from the countenance is justified by the reputation of the individual, who is universally esteemed and respected.

Went again to see the Hôtel Monaco, which Lord B—— writes me to close for; but its

\* Now Lord Francis Egerton.

gloomy and uncomfortable bed-rooms discourage me; *malgré* the splendour of the *salons*, which are decidedly the finest I have seen at Paris. I will decide on nothing until Lord B——'s return.

Went to the College of St. Barbe to-day, with the Duchesse de Guiche, to see her sons. Great was their delight at the meeting. I thought they would never have been done embracing her; and I too, was warmly welcomed by these dear and affectionate boys, who kissed me again and again. They have already won golden opinions at the college, by their rare aptitude in acquiring all that is taught them, and by their docility and manly characters.

The masters paid the Duchesse the highest compliments on the progress her sons had made previously to their entrance at St. Barbe, and declared that they had never met any children so far advanced for their age. I shared the triumph of this admirable mother, whose fair cheeks glowed, and whose beautiful eyes sparkled on hearing the eulogiums pronounced on her boys. Her observation to me was, "How pleased their father will be!"

St. Barbe is a little world in itself, and a very different world to any I had previously seen. In it everything smacks of learning, and every body seems wholly engrossed by study.

The spirit of emulation animates all, and excites the youths into an application so intense as to be often found injurious to health. The ambition of surpassing competitors in their studies operates so powerfully on the generality of the *élèves*, that the masters frequently find it more necessary to moderate, than to urge the ardour of the pupils. A boy's reputation for abilities soon gets known, but he must possess no ordinary ones to be able to distinguish himself in a college where every victory in erudition is sure to be achieved by a well-contested battle.

We passed through the quarters of Paris known as the Pays Latin, the aspect of which is singular, and is said to have been little changed during the last century. The houses, chiefly occupied by literary men, look quaint and picturesque. Every man one sees passing has the air of an author, not as authors now are, or at least as popular ones are, well-clothed and prosperous-looking, but as authors were when genius could not always command a good wardrobe, and walked forth in habiliments more derogatory to the age in which it was neglected, than to the individual whose poverty compelled such attire.

Men in rusty threadbare black, with books under the arm, and some with spectacles on nose,

reading while they walked along, might be encountered at every step.

The women, too, in the Pays Latin, have a totally different aspect to those of every other part of Paris. The desire to please, inherent in the female breast, seems to have expired in them, for their dress betrays a total neglect, and its fashion is that of some forty years ago. Even the youthful are equally negligent, which indicates their conviction that the men they meet seldom notice them, proving the truth of the old saying, that women dress to please men.

The old, with locks of snow, who had grown into senility in this erudite quarter, still paced the same promenade which they had trodden for many a year, habit having fixed them where hope once led their steps. The middle-aged, too, might be seen with hair beginning to blanch from long hours devoted to the midnight lamp, and faces marked with "the pale cast of thought." Hope, though less sanguine in her promises, still lures them on, and they pass the venerable old, unconscious that they themselves are succeeding them in the same life of study, to be followed by the same results, privation, and solitude, until death closes the scene. And yet a life of study is, perhaps, the one in which the

privations compelled by poverty, are the least felt to be a hardship.

Study, like virtue, is its own exceeding great reward, for it engrosses as well as elevates the mind above the sense of want so acutely felt by those who have no intellectual pursuits; and many a student has forgotten his own privations when reading the history of the great and good who have been exposed to even still more trying ones. Days pass uncounted in such occupations. Youth fleets away, if not happily, at least tranquilly, while thus employed; and maturity glides into age, and age drops into the grave, scarcely conscious of the gradations of each, owing to the mind having been filled with a continuous train of thought, engendered by study.

I have been reading some French poems by Madame Amabel Tastu; and very beautiful they are. A sweet and healthy tone of mind breathes through them, and the pensiveness that characterizes many of them, marks a reflecting spirit imbued with tenderness. There is great harmony, too, in the versification, as well as purity and elegance in the diction. How much some works make us wish to know their authors, and *vice versa*! I feel, while reading her poems, that I should like Madame Amabel Tastu; while other books whose cle-

verness I admit, convince me I should not like the writers.

A book must always resemble, more or less, its author. It is the mind, or at least a portion of it, of the individual; and, however circumstances may operate on it, the natural quality must always prevail and peep forth in spite of every effort to conceal it.

Living much in society seldom fails to deteriorate the force and originality of superior minds; because, though unconsciously, the persons who possess them are prone to fall into the habits of thought of those with whom they pass a considerable portion of their time, and suffer themselves to degenerate into taking an interest into puerilities on which, in the privacy of their study, they would not bestow a single thought. Hence, we are sometimes shocked at observing glaring inconsistencies in the works of writers, and find it difficult to imagine that the grave reflection which pervades some of the pages can emanate from the same mind that dictated the puerilities abounding in others. The author's profound thoughts were his own, the puerilities were the result of the friction of his mind with inferior ones: at least this is my theory, and, as it is a charitable one, I like to indulge it.

A pleasant party at dinner yesterday. Mr.



W. Spencer, the poet, was among the guests. He was much more like the William Spencer of former days than when he dined here before, and was occasionally brilliant, though at intervals he relapsed into moodiness. He told some good stories of John Kemble, and told them well; but it seemed an effort to him; and, while the listeners were still smiling at his excellent imitation of the great tragedian, he sank back in his chair with an air of utter abstraction.

I looked at him, and almost shuddered at marking the "change that had come o'er the spirit of his dream;" for whether the story touched a chord that awakened some painful reflection in his memory, or that the telling it had exhausted him, I know not, but his countenance for some minutes assumed a care-worn and haggard expression, and he often glanced around at the guests with an air of surprise, like one awakened from slumber.

It is astonishing how little people observe each other in society! This inattention, originating in a good breeding that proscribes personal observation, has degenerated into something that approaches very nearly to total indifference, and I am persuaded that a man might die at table seated between two others without

their being aware of it, until he dropped from his chair.

Civilization has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and I think the consciousness that one might expire between one's neighbours at table without their noticing it, is hardly atoned for by knowing that they will not stare one out of countenance. I often think, as I look around at a large dinner-party, how few pleasant have the slightest knowledge of what is passing in the minds of the others. The smile worn on many a face may be assumed to conceal a sadness which those who feel it are but too well aware would meet with little sympathy, for one of the effects of modern civilization is the disregard for the cares of others, which it engenders.

Madame de —— once said to me, "I never invite Monsieur de——, because he looks unhappy, and as if he expected to be questioned as to the cause." This *naïve* confession of Madame de —— is what few would make, but the selfishness that dictated it is what society *en masse*, feels and acts up to.

Monsieur de ——, talking of London last evening, told the Count —— to be on his guard not to be too civil to people when he got there. The Count —— looked astonished, and inquired the reason for the advice. "Merely to prevent

your being suspected of having designs on the hearts of the women, or the purses of the men," replied Monsieur de —; "for no one can evince in London society the *empressement* peculiar to well-bred Frenchmen without being accused of some unworthy motive for it."

I defended my countrymen against the sweeping censure of the cynical Monsieur de —, who shook his head and declared that he spoke from observation. He added that persons more than usually polite are always supposed to be poor in London, and that as this supposition was the most injurious to their reception in good society, he always counselled his friends, when about to visit it to assume a *brusquerie* of manner, and a stinginess with regard to money, by which means they were sure to escape the suspicion of poverty; as in England a parsimonious expenditure and bluntness are supposed to imply the possession of wealth.

I ventured to say that I could now understand why it was that he passed for being so rich in England—a *coup de patte* that turned the laugh against him.

Mr. de — is a perfect cynic, and piques himself on saying what he thinks—a habit more frequently adopted by those who think disagreeable, than agreeable things.

Dined yesterday at Madame C——'s, and

being Friday, had a *dîner maigre*, than which I know no dinner more luxurious, provided that the cook is a perfect artist, and that the Amphytrion, as was the case in this instance, objects not to expense.

The *soupes* and *entrées* left no room to regret the absence of flesh or poultry from their component parts, and the *relevés*, in the shape of a *broché rôti*, and a *Turbot à la Hollandaise* supplied the place of the usual *pièces de résistance*. But not only was the flavour of the *entrées* quite as good as if they were composed of meat or poultry, but the appearance offered the same variety, and the *cutlets de poisson* and *fricandeau d'esturgeon* might have deceived all but the profoundly learned in gastronomy—they looked so exactly like lamb and veal.

The second course offered equally delicate substitutes for the usual dainties, and the most fastidious epicure might have been more than satisfied with the *entremets*.

The bishops in France are said to have had the most luxurious dinners imaginable on what were erroneously styled fast-days; and their cooks had such a reputation for their skill, that the having served à *Monseigneur d'Eglise* was a passport to the kitchens of all lovers of good eating. There are people so profane as to insinuate that the excellence at which the cooks

arrived in dressing *les diners maigres* is one of the causes why Catholicism has continued to flourish; but this, of course, must be looked on as a malicious hint of the enemies to that faith which thus proves itself less addicted to indulgence in the flesh than are its decryers.

## CHAPTER IV.

Romantic Feelings of Lady C——True Love—Disagreeable Neighbours — Credulity — Mademoiselle Delphine Gay—French Novels—French Critics—Eligible Mansions—Comforts of Seclusion—Genius of L. E. L.—The Comtesse d'O——A Brilliant Talker—Letter from Mrs. Hare—Extreme Hospitality—Long Champs—Exhibition of Spring Fashions—French Beauties—Animated Scene—Promenade at Long Champs—Extravagance of Mademoiselle du The—Modern Morals—*Cinq Mars*, by Comte Alfred de Vigny—His Style—Strictures on Mankind—The best Philosophy—Speech of Lord Grey—The Caterpillar—A Voracious Appetite—A Refined Lady—*La Chronique du Temps de Charles IX*, by Prosper Merimee—Estimation of Sir Walter Scott—Jules Janin—Injudicious Praise—Renewal of Youth—Self-Deception—Gray Hairs.

THE more I observe Lady C—— the more surprised I am at the romantic feelings she still indulges, and the illusions under which she labours;—yes, *labours* is the suitable word, for it can be nothing short of laborious, at her age, to work oneself into the belief that love is an indispensable requisite for life. Not the affection into which the love of one's youth subsides, but the wild, the ungovernable passion peculiar to the heroes and heroines of novels, and young

ladies and gentlemen recently emancipated from boarding-schools and colleges.

Poor Lady C——, with so many estimable qualities, what a pity it is she should have this weakness! She maintained in our conversation yesterday that true love could never be extinguished in the heart, and that even in age it burnt with the same fire as when first kindled. I quoted to her a passage from Le Brun, who says—“*L’amour peut s’éteindre sans doute dans le cœur d’un galant homme; mais combien de dédommagemens n’a-t-il pas alors à offrir! L’estime, l’amitié, la confiance, ne suffisent-elles pas aux glaces de la vieillesse?*” Lady C—— thinks not.

Talking last night of ——, some one observed that “it was disagreeable to have such a neighbour, as he did nothing but watch and interfere in the concerns of others.”

“Give me in preference such a man as Le Comte ——,” said Monsieur ——, silyly, “who never bestows a thought but on self, and is too much occupied with that interesting subject to have time to meddle with the affairs of other people.”

“You are right,” observed Madame ——, gravely, believing him to be serious; “it is much preferable.”

“But surely,” said I, determined to continue

the mystification, "you are unjustly severe in your animadversions on poor Monsieur ——. Does he not prove himself a true philanthropist in devoting the time to the affairs of others that might be usefully occupied in attending to his own?"

"You are quite right," said Mrs. ———; "I never viewed his conduct in this light before; and now that I understand it I really begin to like him—a thing I thought quite impossible before you convinced me of the goodness of his motives."

How many Mrs.——'s there are in the world, with minds ductile as wax, ready to receive any impression one wishes to give them! Yet I reproached myself for assisting to hoax her, when I saw the smiles excited by her credulity.

Mademoiselle Delphine Gay\* is one of the agreeable proofs that genius is hereditary. I have been reading some productions of hers that greatly pleased me. Her poetry is graceful, the thoughts are natural, and the versification is polished. She is a very youthful authoress, and a beauty as well as a *belle esprit*. Her mother's novels have beguiled many an hour of mine that might otherwise have been weary, for

\* Now Madame Emilie de Girardin.



they have the rare advantage of displaying an equal knowledge of the world with a lively sensibility.

All Frenchwomen write well. They possess the art of giving interest even to trifles, and have a natural eloquence *de plume*, as well as *de langue*, that renders the task an easy one. It is the custom in England to decry French novels, because the English unreasonably expect that the literature of other countries should be judged by the same criterion by which they examine their own, without making sufficient allowance for the different manners and habits of the nation. Without arrogating to myself the pretension of a critic, I should be unjust if I did not acknowledge that I have perused many a French novel by modern authors, from which I have derived interest and pleasure.

The French critics are not loath to display their acumen in reviewing the works of their compatriots, for they not only analyze the demerits with pungent causticity, but apply to them the severest of all tests, that of ridicule; in the use of which dangerous weapon they excel.

House-hunting the greater part of the day. Oh the weariness of such an occupation, and, above all, after having lived in so delightful a house as the one we inhabit! Many of our

French friends have come and told us that they had found hôtels exactly to suit us; and we have driven next day to see them, when lo and behold! these eligible mansions were either situated in some disagreeable *quartier*, or consisted of three fine *salons de réception*, with some half-dozen miserable dormitories, and a passage-room by way of *salle à manger*.

Though Paris abounds with fine *hôtels entre Cour et Jardin*, they are seldom to be let; and those to be disposed of are generally divided into suites of apartments, appropriated to different persons. One of the hôtels recommended by a friend was on the Boulevards, with the principal rooms commanding a full view of that populous and noisy quarter of Paris. I should have gone mad in such a dwelling, for the possibility of reading, or almost of thinking, amidst such an ever-moving scene of bustle and din, would be out of the question.

The modern French do not seem to appreciate the comfort of quiet and seclusion in the position of their abodes, for they talk of the enlivening influence of a vicinity to these same Boulevards from which I shrink with alarm. It was not so in former days; witness the delightful hôtels before alluded to, *entre Cour et Jardin*, in which the inhabitants, although in the centre of Paris, might enjoy all the

repose peculiar to a house in the country. There is something, I am inclined to think, in the nature of the Parisians that enables them to support noise better than we can—nay, not only to support it, but even to like it.

I received an edition of the works of L. E. L. yesterday from London. She is a charming poetess, full of imagination and fancy, dazzling one moment by the brilliancy of her flights, and the next touching the heart by some stroke of pathos. How Byron would have admired her genius, for it bears the stamp of being influenced no less by a graceful and fertile fancy than by a deep sensibility, and the union of the two gives a peculiar charm to her poems.

Drove to the Bois de Boulogne to-day, with the Comtesse d'O——. I know no such brilliant talker as she is. No matter what may be the subject of conversation, her wit flashes brightly on all, and without the slightest appearance of effort or pretension. She speaks from a mind overflowing with general information, made available by a retentive memory, a ready wit, and inexhaustible good spirits.

Letters from dear Italy. Shall I ever see that delightful land again? A letter, too, from Mrs. Francis Hare, asking me to be civil to some English friends of hers, who are come to Paris, which I shall certainly be for her sake.

*A propos* of the English, it is amusing to witness the avidity with which many of them not only accept but court civilities abroad, and the *sang froid* with which they seem to forget them when they return home. I have as yet had no opportunity of judging personally on this point, but I hear such tales on the subject as would justify caution, if one was disposed to extend hospitality with any prospective view to gratitude for it, which we never have done, and never will do.

Mine is the philosophy of —, who, when his extreme hospitality to his countrymen was remarked on, answered, "I can't eat all my good dinners alone, and if I am lucky enough to find now and then a pleasant guest, it repays me for the many dull ones invited." I expect no gratitude for our hospitality to our compatriots, and "blessed are they who expect not, for they will not be disappointed."

Long Champs has not equalled my expectations. It is a dull affair after all, resembling the drive in Hyde Park on a Sunday in May, the promenade in the *Cacina* at Florence, in the *Corso* at Rome, or the *Chaija* at Naples, in all save the elegance of the dresses of the women, in which Long Champs has an immeasurable superiority.

It is at Long Champs that the Parisian spring

fashions are first exhibited, and busy are the *modistes* for many weeks previously in putting their powers of invention to the test, in order to bring out novelties, facsimiles of which are, the ensuing week, forwarded to England, Italy, Germany, Holland, and Russia. The coach-makers, saddlers, and horsedealers, are also put in requisition for this epoch; and, though the exhibition is no longer comparable to what it was in former times, when a luxurious extravagance not only in dress, but in equipages, was displayed, some handsome and well-appointed carriages are still to be seen. Among the most remarkable for good taste, were those of the Princess Bagration, and Monsieur Schikler, whose very handsome wife attracted more admiration than the elegant vehicle in which she was seated, or the fine steeds that drew it.

Those who are disposed to question the beauty of French women, should have been at Long Champs to-day, when their scepticism would certainly have been vanquished, for I saw several women there whose beauty could admit of no doubt even by the most fastidious critic of female charms. The Duchesse de Guiche, however, bore off the bell from all competitors, and so the spectators who crowded the Champs Elysées seemed to think. Of her may be said what Choissy stated of la Duchesse

de la Vallière, she has "*La grace plus belle encore que la beauté.*" The handsome Duchesse d'Istrie and countless other *beautés à la mode* were present, and well sustained the reputation for beauty of the Parisian ladies.

The men *caracoled* between the carriages on their proud and prancing steeds, followed by grooms, *à l'Anglaise*, in smart liveries, and the people crowded the foot-paths on each side of the drive, commenting aloud on the equipages and their owners that passed before them.

The promenade at Long Champs, which takes place in the Holy Week, is said to owe its origin to a religious procession that went annually to a church so called, whence it by degrees changed its character, and became a scene of gaiety, in which the most extravagant exhibitions of luxury were displayed.

One example, out of many, of this extravagance, is furnished by a publication of the epoch at which Long Champs was in its most palmy state, when a certain Mademoiselle du Thé, whose means of indulging in inordinate expense were not solely derived from her ostensible profession as one of the performers attached to the Opera, figured in the promenade in a carriage of the most sumptuous kind, drawn by no less than six thorough-bred horses, the harness of which was of blue morocco,

studded with polished steel ornaments, which produced the most dazzling effect.

That our times are improved in respect, at least, to appearances, may be fairly concluded from the fact that no example of a similar ostentatious display of luxury is ever now exhibited by persons in the same position as Mademoiselle du Thé; and that if the same folly that enabled her to indulge in such extravagance still prevails, a sense of decency prevents all public display of wealth so acquired. Modern morals censure not people so much for their vices as for the display of them, as Alcibiades was blamed not for loving Nemea, but for allowing himself to be painted reposing on her lap.

Finished the perusal of *Cinq Mars*, by Count Alfred de Vigny. It is an admirable production, and deeply interested me. The sentiments noble and elevated, without ever degenerating into aught approaching to bombast, and the pathos such as a manly heart might feel, without incurring the accusation of weakness. The author must be a man of fine feelings, as well as of genius—but were they ever distinct? I like to think they cannot be, for my theory is, that the feelings are to genius what the chords are to a musical instrument—they must be touched to produce effect.

The style of Count Alfred de Vigny merits the eulogium passed by Lord Shaftesbury on that of an author in his time, of which he wrote, "It is free from that affected obscurity and laboured pomp of language aiming at a false sublime, with crowded simile and mixed metaphor (the hobby-horse and rattle of the Muses.')

—— dined with us yesterday, and, clever as I admit him to be, he often displeases me by his severe strictures on mankind. I told him that he exposed himself to the suspicion of censuring it only because he had studied a bad specimen of it (self) more attentively than the good that fell in his way: a reproof that turned the current of his conversation into a more agreeable channel, though he did not seem to like the hint.

It is the fashion for people now-a-days to affect this cynicism, and to expend their wit at the expense of poor human nature, which is abused *en masse* for the sins of those who abuse it from judging of all others by self. How different is ——, who thinks so well of his species, that, like our English laws, he disbelieves the existence of guilt until it is absolutely proved—a charity originating in a superior nature, and a judgment formed from an involuntary consciousness of it!



—— suspects evil on all sides, and passes his time in guarding against it. He dares not indulge friendship, because he doubts the possibility of its being disinterested, and feels no little self-complacency when the conduct of those with whom he comes in contact justifies his suspicions. ——, on the contrary, if sometimes deceived, feels no bitterness, because he believes that the instance may be a solitary one, and finds consolation in those whose truth he has yet had no room to question. His is the best philosophy, for though it cannot preclude occasional disappointment, it ensures much happiness, as the indulgence of good feelings invariably does, and he often creates the good qualities he gives credit for, as few persons are so bad as not to wish to justify the favourable opinion entertained of them, as few are so good as to resist the demoralizing influence of unfounded suspicions.

A letter from Lord B——, announcing a majority of 105 on the bill of the Catholic question. Lord Grey made an admirable speech, with a happy allusion to the fact of Lord Howard of Effingham, who commanded the English fleet in the reign of Elizabeth, having, though a Roman Catholic, destroyed the Armada under the anointed banner of the Pope. What a triumphant refutation of the notion that Roman Catho-

lies dared not oppose the Pope! Lord B—— writes, that the brilliant and justly merited eulogium pronounced by Lord Grey on the Duke of Wellington was rapturously received by the house. How honourable to both was the praise!

I feel delighted that Lord Grey should have distinguished himself on this occasion, for he is one of the friends in England whom I most esteem.

—— dined here to-day. He reminds me of the larva, which is the first state of animal existence in the caterpillar, for his appetite is voracious, and, as a French naturalist states in describing that insect, “*Tout est estomac dans un larve.*” —— is of the opinion of Aretæus, that the stomach is the great source of pleasurable affections, and that as Nature “abhors a vacuum,” the more filled it is the better.

Dining is a serious affair with —— . Soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, disappear from his plate with a rapidity that is really surprising; and while they are vanishing, not “into empty air,” but into the yawning abyss of his ravenous jaws, his eyes wander around, seeking what next those same ravenous jaws may devour.

On beholding a person indulge in such gluttony, I feel a distaste to eating, as a certain double-refined lady of my acquaintance declared that witnessing the demonstrations of love be-

tween two persons of low and vulgar habits so disgusted her with the tender passion, that she was sure she never could experience it herself.

I have been reading *La Chronique du Temps de Charles IX*, by Prosper Mérimée, and a most interesting and admirably written book it is. Full of stirring scenes and incidents, it contains the most graphic pictures of the manners of the time in which the story is placed, and the interest progresses, never flagging from the commencement to the end. This book will be greatly admired in England, where the romances of our great Northern Wizard have taught us to appreciate the peculiar merit in which this abounds. Sir Walter Scott will be one of the first to admire and render justice to this excellent book, and to welcome into the field of literature this highly gifted brother of the craft.

The French writers deserve justice from the English, for they invariably treat the works of the latter with indulgence. Scott is not more read or esteemed in his own country than here; and even the productions of our young writers are more kindly treated than those of their own youthful aspirants for fame.

French critics have much merit for this amenity, because the greater number of them possess a peculiar talent for the exercise of their critical acumen, which renders the indulgence of it,

like that of the power of ridicule, very tempting. Among the most remarkable critics of the day is Jules Janin, who though yet little more than a youth, evinces such talent as a reviewer as to be the terror of mediocrity. His style is pungent and vigorous, his satire searching and biting, and his tact in pointing ridicule unfailing. He bids fair to take a most distinguished place in his profession.

Spent last evening in the Rue d'Anjou, where I met the usual circle and —. He bepraised every one that was named during the evening, and so injudiciously, that it was palpable he knew little of those upon whom he expended his eulogiums; nay, he lauded some whom he acknowledged he had never seen, on the same principle that actuated the Romans of old who, having deified every body they knew, erected at last an altar to the unknown gods, lest any should by chance be omitted.

This habit of indiscriminate praise is almost as faulty as that of general censure, and is, in my opinion, more injurious to the praised than the censure is to the abused, because people are prone to indulge a greater degree of sympathy towards those attacked than towards those who are commended. No one said “Amen” to the praises heaped on some really deserving people by —, but several put in a palliating “*pour-*

*tant*” to the ill-natured remarks made by —, whose habit of abusing all who chance to be named is quite as remarkable as the other’s habit of praising. I would prefer being attacked by — to being lauded by —, for the extravagance of the eulogiums of the latter would excite more ill-will towards me than the censures of the other, as the self-love of the listeners disposes them to feel more kindly to the one they can pity, than to the person they are disposed to envy.

I never look at dear, good Madame C—— without thinking how soon we may, nay, we must lose her. At her very advanced age we cannot hope that she will be long spared to us; yet her freshness of heart and wonderful vivacity of mind would almost cheat one into a hope of her long continuing amongst us.

She drove out with me yesterday to the Bois de Boulogne, and, when remarking how verdant and beautiful all around was looking, exclaimed, “Ah! why is no second spring allowed to us? I hear,” continued she, “people say they would not like to renew their youth, but I cannot believe them. There are times—would you believe it?—that I forget my age, and feel so young in imagination that I can scarcely bring myself to think that this heart, which is still so youthful, can appertain to the same frame to which is

attached this faded and wrinkled face,” and she raised her hand to her cheek. “Ah! my dear friend, it is a sad, sad thing to mark this fearful change, and I never look in my mirror without being shocked. The feelings ought to change with the person, and the heart should become as insensible as the face becomes withered.

“The change in the face is so gradual, too,” continued Madame C——. “We see ourselves after thirty-five, each day looking a little less well (we are loath to think it ugly), and we attribute it not to the true cause, the approach of that enemy to beauty—age—but to some temporary indisposition, a bad night’s rest, or an unbecoming cap. We thus go on cheating ourselves, but not cheating others, until some day when the light falls more clearly on our faces, and the fearful truth stands revealed. Wrinkles have usurped the place of dimples; horrid lines, traced by Time, have encircled the eyelids; the eyes, too, no longer bright and pellucid, become dim; the lips dry and colourless, the teeth yellow, and the cheeks pale and faded, as a dried rose-leaf long pressed in a *hortus siccus*.

“Alas, alas! who can help thinking of all this when one sees the trees opening into their rich foliage, the earth putting forth its bright verdure, and the flowers budding into bloom, while we resemble the hoar and dreary winter,

and scarcely retain a trace of the genial summer we once knew.”

This conversation suggested the following lines, which I wish I could translate into French verse to give to Madame C——:

#### GRAY HAIRS.

Snowy blossoms of the grave  
That now o'er care-worn temples wave,  
Oh! what change hath pass'd since ye  
O'er youthful brows fell carelessly!  
In silken curls of ebon hue  
That with such wild luxuriance grew,  
The raven's dark and glossy wing  
A richer shadow scarce could fling.  
The brow that tells a tale of care  
That Sorrow's pen hath written there,  
In characters too deeply traced  
Ever on earth to be effaced,  
Was then a page of spotless white,  
Where Love himself might wish to write.  
The jetty arches that did rise,  
As if to guard the brilliant eyes,  
Have lost their smoothness;—and no more  
The eyes can sparkle as of yore:  
They look like fountains form'd by tears,  
Where perish'd Hope in by-gone years.  
The nose that served as bridge between  
The brow and mouth—for Love, I ween,  
To pass—hath lost its sculptured air,  
For 'Time, the spoiler, hath been there.  
The mouth—ah! where's the crimson dye  
That youth and health did erst supply?

Are these pale lips that seldom smile,  
The same that laugh'd devoid of guile,  
Showing withing their coral cell  
The shining pearls that there did dwell,  
But dwell no more? The pearls are fled,  
And homely teeth are in their stead.  
The cheeks have lost the blushing rose  
That once their surface could disclose;  
A dull, pale tint has spread around,  
Where rose and lily erst were found.  
The throat, and bust—but ah! forbear,  
Let's draw a veil forever there;  
Too fearful is 't to put in rhyme  
The changes wrought by cruel Time.  
The faithful mirror well reveals  
The truth that flattery conceals;  
The charms once boasted, now are flown,  
But mind and heart are still thine own;  
And thou canst see the wreck of years,  
And ghost of beauty, without tears.  
No outward change thy soul shouldst wring,  
Oh! mourn but for the change within;  
Grieve over bright illusions fled,  
O'er fondly cherish'd hope, now dead,  
O'er errors of the days of youth,  
Ere wisdom taught the path of truth.  
Then hail, ye blossoms of the grave,  
That o'er the care-worn temples wave—  
Sent to remind us of "that bourn,  
Whence traveller can ne'er return;"  
The harbingers of peace and rest,  
Where only mortals can be blest.



## CHAPTER V.

Victor Hugo's *Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*—Value of Common Sense—Conscience—Cunning—Curiosity Shops, or the Quai d'Orsay—Expensive and Tasteful Gifts—An Avaricious Vender—A Moral—Anonymous Scribbler—Weakness of Mind—Poems of Mrs. Hemans—The Minds of Genius—Poetesses of England—Arrival of Lord B.—The Catholic Question carried—Irish Prejudices—Letters from Absent Friends—Sir William Gell—The Archbishop of Tarentum—Discoveries at Pompeii—Novel of *The Disowned*—Advantages to be derived from the Perusal of Works of Fiction—Politics—Charles the Tenth unpopular—Charles the First—The House of Bourbon—"Uneasy lies the Head that wears a Crown"—The Duc de T———Mr. Hook's *Sayings and Doings*—Visit to the Hotel Monaco.

READ Victor Hugo's *Derniers Jours d'un Condamné!* It is powerfully written, and the author identifies the feelings so strongly with the condemned, that his must, while writing the book, have experienced similar emotions to those which a person in the same terrible position would have felt. Wonderful power of genius, that can thus excite sympathy for the erring and the wretched, and awaken attention to a subject but too little thought of in our selfish times, namely, the expediency of the abolition of capital punishment! A perusal of

Victor Hugo's graphic book will do more to lead men's minds to reflect on this point than all the dull essays, or as dull speeches, that may be written or made on it.

Talking of —— to-day with —— ——, she remarked that he had every sense but common sense, and made light of this deficiency. How frequently do we hear people do this, as if the possession of talent or various fine qualities can atone for its absence! Common sense is not only positively necessary to render talent available by directing its proper application, but is indispensable as a monitor to warn men against error. Without this guide the passions and feelings will be ever leading men astray, and even those with the best natural dispositions will fall into error.

Common sense is to the individual what the compass is to the mariner—it enables him to steer safely through the rocks, shoals, and whirlpools that intersect his way. Were the lives of criminals accurately known, I am persuaded that it would be found that from a want of common sense had proceeded their guilt; for a clear perception of crime would do more to check its perpetration, than the goodness of heart which is so frequently urged as a preventive against it.

Conscience is the only substitute for common

sense, but even this will not supply its place in all cases. Conscience will lead a man to repent or atone for crime, but common sense will preclude his committing it by enabling him to judge of the result. I frequently hear people say, "So and so are very clever," or "very cunning, and are well calculated to make their way in the world." This opinion seems to me to be a severe satire on the world, for as cunning can only appertain to a mean intellect, to which it serves as a poor substitute for sense, it argues ill for the world to suppose it can be taken in by it.

I never knew a sensible, or a good person, who was cunning; and I have known so many weak and wicked ones who possessed this despicable quality, that I hold it in abhorrence, except in very young children, to whom Providence gives it, before they arrive at good sense.

Went a round of the curiosity shops on the Quai d'Orsay, and bought an amber vase of rare beauty, said to have once belonged to the Empress Josephine. When I see the beautiful objects collected together in these shops, I often think of their probable histories, and of those to whom they once belonged. Each seems to identify itself with the former owner, and conjures up in my mind a little romance.

A vase of rock crystal, set in precious stones,

seen to-day, could never have belonged to aught but some beauty, for whom it was selected by an adoring lover or husband, ere yet the honeymoon had passed. A chased gold *étui*, enriched with oriental agates and brilliants, must have appertained to some *grande dame*, on whose table it rested in a richly decorated *salon*; and could it speak, what piquant disclosures might it not make!

The fine old watch, around the dial of which sparkle diamonds, and on the back the motto, executed in the same precious stones, "*Vous me faites oublier les heures*," once adorned the slender waist of some dainty dame,—a nuptial gift. The silvery sound of its bell often reminded her of the flight of Time, and her *caro sposo* of the effects of it on his inconstant heart, long before her mirror told her of the ravages of the tyrant. The *flacon* so tastefully ornamented, has been held to delicate nostrils when the megrim—that malady peculiar to refined organizations and susceptible nerves—has assailed its fair owner; and the heart-shaped pincushion of crimson velvet, inclosed in its golden case and stuck with pins, has been likened by the giver to his own heart, pierced by the darts of Love—a simile that probably displeased not the fair creature to whom it was addressed.

Here are the expensive and tasteful gifts, the

*gages d'amour*, not often disinterested, as bright and beautiful as when they left the hands of the jeweller; but the givers and the receivers, where are they? Mouldered in the grave long, long years ago! Through how many hands may these objects not have passed since Death snatched away the persons for whom they were originally designed! And here they are in the ignoble custody of some avaricious vender, who having obtained them at the sale of some departed amateur for less than half their first cost, now expects to extort more than double.

He takes them up in his unwashed fingers, turns them—oh, profanation!—round and round, in order to display their various merits, descants on the delicacy of the workmanship, the sharpness of the chiseling, the pure water of the brilliants, and the fine taste displayed in the form, tells a hundred lies about the sum he gave for them, the offers he has refused, the persons to whom they once belonged, and those who wish to purchase them!

The *flacon* of some defunct prude is placed side by side with the *vinaigrette* of some *jolie danseuse* who was anything but prudish. How shocked would the original owner of the *flacon* feel at the friction! The fan of some *grande dame de la cour* touches the diamond-mounted *étui* of the wife of some *financier*, who would

have given half her diamonds to enter the circle in which she who once owned this fan found more *ennui* than amusement. The cane of a deceased philosopher is in close contact with the golden-hilted sword of a *petit maître de l'ancien régime*, and the sparkling *tabatière* of a *Musqué Marquis*, the partaker if not the cause of half his *succès dans le monde*, is placed by the *chapelet* of a *religieuse de haute naissance*, who often perhaps dropped a tear on the beads as she counted them in saying her Ave Marias, when some unbidden thought of the world she had resigned usurped the place of her aspirations for a brighter and more enduring world.

“And so ’t will be when I am gone,” as Moore’s beautiful song says; the rare and beautiful *bijouterie* which I have collected with such pains, and looked on with such pleasure, will probably be scattered abroad and find their resting places not in gilded *salons*, but in the dingy coffers of the wily *brocanteur*, whose exorbitant demands will preclude their finding purchasers. Even these inanimate and puerile objects have their moral, if people would but seek it; but what has not, to a reflecting mind? — complained bitterly to-day, of having been attacked by an anonymous scribbler. I was surprised to see a man accounted clever

and sensible, so much annoyed at what I consider so wholly beneath his notice. It requires only a knowledge of the world and a self-respect to enable one to treat such attacks with the contempt they merit; and those who allow themselves to be mortified by them must be deficient in these necessary qualifications for passing smoothly through life.

It seems to me to indicate great weakness of mind, when a person permits his peace to be at the mercy of every anonymous scribbler who, actuated by envy or hatred (the invariable causes of such attacks) writes a libel on him. If the person so attacked would but reflect that few, if any, who have acquired celebrity, or have been favoured by fortune, have ever escaped similar assaults, he would be disposed to consider them as the certain proofs of a merit, the general acknowledgment of which has excited the ire of the envious, thus displayed by the only mean within their reach—anonymous abuse. Anonymous assailants may be likened to the cuttle-fish, which employs the inky secretions it forms as a means of tormenting its enemy and baffling pursuit. †

I have been reading the poems of Mrs. Hemans, and exquisite they are. They affect me like sacred music, and never fail to excite religious sentiments. England only could have

produced this poetess, and peculiar circumstances were necessary to the development of her genius. The music of the versification harmonizes well with the elevated character of the thoughts which inspire the reader (at least such is their effect on me) with a pensive sentiment of resignation that is not without a deep charm to a mind that loves to withdraw itself from the turmoil and bustle incidental to a life passed in a gay and brilliant capital.

The mind of this charming poetess must be like an *Æolian* harp, that every sighing wind awakes to music, but to grave and chastened melody, the full charm of which can only be truly appreciated by those who have sorrowed, and who look beyond this earth for repose. Well might Goethe write,

“Wo du das Genie erblickst,  
Erblickst du auch zugleich die martirene,”\*

for where is genius to be found that has not been tried by suffering? \

Moore has beautifully said

“The hearts that are soonest awake to the flowers,  
Are always the first to be pierced by the thorns;”

\* “Where thou beholdest Genius,  
There thou beholdest, too, the martyr’s crown.”



and so it is with poets: they feel intensely before they can make others feel even superficially.

And there are those who can talk lightly and irreverently of the sufferings from which spring such exquisite, such glorious music, unconscious that the fine organization and delicate susceptibility of the minds of Genius which give such precious gifts to delight others, receive deep wounds from weapons that could not make an incision on impenetrable hearts like their own. Yes, the hearts of people of genius may be said to resemble the American maple-trees, which must be pierced ere they yield their honied treasures.

If Mrs. Hemans had been as happy as she deserved to be, it is probable that she would never have written the exquisite poems I have been reading; for the fulness of content leaves no room for the sweet and bitter fancies engendered by an imagination that finds its Hippocrene in the fountain of Sorrow, whose source is in the heart, and can only flow when touched by the hand of care.

Well may England be proud of such poetesses as she can now boast! Johanna Baillie, the noble-minded and elevated; Miss Bowles, the pure, the true; Miss Mitford, the gifted and the natural; and Mrs. Hemans and Miss Lan-

don, though last not least in the galaxy of Genius, with imaginations as brilliant as their hearts are generous and tender. Who can read the productions of these gifted women, without feeling a lively interest in their welfare, and a pride in belonging to the country that has given them birth?

Lord B—— arrived yesterday, and, Heaven be thanked! is in better health. He says the spring is three weeks more advanced at Paris, than in London. He is delighted at the Catholic Question having been carried; and trusts, as I do, that Ireland will derive the greatest benefit from the measure. How few, with estates in a province where so strong a prejudice is entertained against Roman Catholics as exists in the north of Ireland, would have voted as Lord B—— has done; but, like his father, Lord B—— never allows personal interest to interfere in the discharge of a duty! If there were many such landlords in Ireland, prejudices, the bane of that country, would soon subside. Lord B—— came back laden with presents for me. Some of them are quite beautiful, and would excite the envy of half my sex.

Received letters from good, dear Sir William Gell, and the no less dear and good Archbishop of Tarentum, both urging us to return to Italy to see them, as they say, once more before they

die. Receiving letters from absent friends who are dear to us, has almost as much of sadness as of pleasure in it; for although it is consolatory to know that they are in life, and are not unmindful of us, still a closely written sheet of paper is but a poor substitute for the animated conversation, the cordial grasp of the hand, and the kind glance of the eye; and we become more sensible of the distance that divides us when letters written many days ago arrive, and we remember with dread that, since these very epistles were indited, the hands that traced them may be chilled by death. This fear, which recurs so often to the mind in all cases of absence from those dear to us, becomes still more vivid where infirmity of health and advanced age render the probability of the loss of friends the greater.

Italy—dear, beautiful Italy—with all its sunshine and attractions, would not be the same delightful residence to me if I no longer found there the friends who made my *séjour* there so pleasant; and among these the Archbishop and Sir William Gell stand prominent.

Gell writes me that some new and interesting discoveries have been made at Pompeii. Would that I could be transported there for a few days to see them with him, as I have beheld so many before when we were present at several exca-

ventions together, and saw exposed to the light of day objects that had been for two thousand years buried in darkness! There was a thrilling feeling of interest awakened in the breast by the first view of these so long interred articles of use or ornament of a bygone generation, and on the spot where their owners perished. It was as though the secrets of the grave were revealed; and that, to convince us of the perishable coil of which mortals are formed, it is given us to behold how much more durable are the commonest utensils of daily use than the frames of those who boast themselves lords of the creation. But here am I moralizing, when I ought to be taking advantage of this glorious day by a promenade in the Bois de Boulogne, where I promised to conduct Madame d'O——; so *allons en voiture*.

Read the *Disowned*, and like it exceedingly. It is full of beautiful thoughts, sparkling with wit, teeming with sentiment, and each and all of them based on immutable truths. The more I read of the works of this highly gifted writer, the more am I delighted with them; for his philosophy passes through the alembic of a mind glowing with noble and generous sentiments, of which it imbibes the hues.

The generality of readers pause not to reflect on the truth and beauty of the sentiments to be

found in novels. They hurry on to the *dénoûment*; and a stirring incident, skilfully managed, which serves to develop the plot, finds more admirers than the noblest thoughts, or most witty maxims. Yet as people who read nothing else, will read novels, authors like Mr. Bulwer, whose minds are overflowing with genius, are compelled to make fiction the vehicle for giving to the public thoughts and opinions that are deserving of a higher grade of literature.

The greater portion of novel readers, liking not to be detained from the interest of the story by any extraneous matter, however admirable it may be, skip over the passages that most delight those who read to reflect, and not for mere amusement.

I find myself continually pausing over the admirable and profound reflections of Mr. Bulwer, and almost regret that his writings do not meet the public as the papers of the *Spectator* did, when a single one of them was deemed as essential to the breakfast-table of all lovers of literature as a morning journal is now to the lovers of news. The merit of the thoughts would be then duly appreciated, instead of being hastily passed over in the excitement of the story which they intersect.

A long visit from —, and, as usual, politics furnished the topic. How I wish people

would never talk politics to me! I have no vocation for that abstruse science—a science which even those who devote all their time and talents to it, but rarely arrive at a proficiency. In vain do I profess my ignorance and inability; people will not believe me, and think it necessary to enter into political discussions that *ennui* me beyond expression.

If —— is to be credited, Charles the Tenth and his government are so unpopular that his reign will not pass without some violent commotion. A fatality appears to attend this family, which, like the house of Stuart, seems doomed never to conciliate the affections of the people. And yet, Charles the Tenth is said not to be disposed to tyrannical measures, neither is he without many good qualities. But the last of the Stuart sovereigns also was naturally a humane and good man, yet he was driven from his kingdom and his throne—a proof that weakness of mind is, perhaps, of all faults in a monarch, the one most likely to compromise the security of his dynasty.

The restoration of the Stuarts after Cromwell, was hailed with much more enthusiasm in England than that of Louis the Eighteenth, after the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon. Yet that enthusiasm was no pledge that the people would bear from the descendants of the ill-fated Charles

the First—that most perfect of all gentlemen and meekest of Christians—what they deprived him of not only his kingdom but his life for attempting.

The house of Bourbon, like that of Stuart, has had its tragedy, offering a fearful lesson to sovereigns and a terrific example to subjects. It has had, also, its restoration; and, if report may be credited, the parallel will not rest here: for there are those who assert that as James was supplanted on the throne of England by a relative while yet the legitimate and unoffending heir lived, so will also the place of Charles the Tenth be filled by one between whom and the crown stand two legitimate barriers. Time will tell how far the predictions of —— are just; but, *en attendant*, I never can believe that ambition can so blind *one* who possesses all that can render life a scene of happiness to himself and of usefulness to others, to throw away a positive good for the uncertain and unquiet possession of a crown, bestowed by hands that to confer the dangerous gift must have subverted a monarchy.

Pandora's box contained not more evils than the crown of France would inflict on him on whose brow a revolution would place it. From that hour let him bid adieu to peaceful slumber, to domestic happiness, to well-merited confi-

dence and esteem, all of which are now his own. Popularity, never a stable possession in any country, is infinitely less so in France, where the vivacity of perception of the people leads them to discover grave faults where only slight errors exist, and where a natural inconstancy, love of change, and a reckless impatience under aught that offends them, prompt them to hurl down from the pedestal the idol of yesterday to replace it by the idol of to-day.

I hear so much good of the Duc and Duchesse d'O—— that I feel a lively interest in them, and heartily wish they may never be elevated (unless by the natural demise of the legitimate heirs) to the dangerous height to which —— and others assert they will ultimately ascend. Even in the contingency of a legitimate inheritance of the crown, the Tuilleries would offer a less peaceful couch to them than they find in the blissful domestic circle at N——.

A long visit from the Duc de T——. I never meet him without being reminded of the truth of an observation of a French writer, who says— "*On a vu des gens se passer d'esprit en sachant mêler la politess avec des manières nobles et élégantes.*" The Duc de T—— passes off perfectly well without *esprit*, the absence of which his noble manners perfectly conceal; while ——, who is so very clever, makes one continu-



ally conscious of his want of good breeding and *bon ton*.

Finished reading *Sayings and Doings*, by Mr. Theodore Hook. Every page teems with wit, humour, or pathos, and reveals a knowledge of the world under all the various phases of the ever-moving scene that gives a lively interest to all he writes. This profound acquaintance with human life, which stamps the impress of truth on every character portrayed by his graphic pen, has not soured his feelings or produced that cynical disposition so frequently engendered by it.

Mr. Hook is no misanthrope, and while he exposes the ridiculous with a rare wit and humour, he evinces a natural and warm sympathy with the good. He is a very original thinker and writer, hits off characters with a facility and felicity that few authors possess, and makes them invariably act in accordance with the peculiar characteristics with which he has endowed them. The *vraisemblable* is never for a moment violated, which makes the reader imagine he is perusing a true narration instead of a fiction.

House-hunting to day. Went again over the Hôtel Monaco; but its dilapidated state somewhat alarms us. The suite of reception rooms are magnificent, but the garden into which they

open pleases me still more, for it is vast and umbrageous. The fine old hôtels in the Faubourg St. Germain, and this is one of the finest, give one a good idea of the splendour of the *noblesse de l'ancien régime*. The number and spaciousness of the apartments, the richness of the decorations, though no longer retaining their pristine beauty, and, above all, the terraces and gardens, have a grand effect.

## CHAPTER VI.

A New Residence—Consolation in Sickness—House in the Rue de Matignon—Its Interior described—The Library—Drive in the Bois de Boulogne—Atmospheric Influence—The Rocher de Cancale—A *Diner de Restaurant*—A Gay Sight—Good Taste in Dress innate in Frenchwomen—Well-appointed Carriages—Soldier-like Air of the Male Population—Observation of the Emperor Napoleon—Characteristics of the British Soldier—National Anthem—Changes on the Journey of Life—Captain Marryat's *Naval Officer*—Performance of *Latour d'Auvergne*—Letter of Carnot—Distinction awarded to merit by Napoleon—National Glory—Effect of Enthusiasm—Villa of the Duchesse de Montmorency—Residences on the Banks of the Thames—Bagatelle, the Seat of the Duc de Bordeaux—Earthly Happiness—Domestic Alterations—High Rents at Paris—Terrace and Aviary—Unsettled State.

HOUSE-HUNTING all the day with Lord B——. Went again over the Hôtel Monaco, and abandoned the project of hiring it. Saw one house newly built and freshly and beautifully decorated, which I like, but Lord B—— does not think good enough! It is in the Rue de Matignon. It is so desirable to get into a mansion where everything is new and in good taste, which is the case with the one in question, that I hope Lord B—— will be satisfied with this.

Sat an hour with General d'O—— who has been unwell. Never was there such a nurse as his wife, and so he said. Illness almost loses its irksomeness when the sick chamber is cheered by one who is as kind as she is clever. Madame d'O—— is glad we have not taken the Hôtel Monaco, for she resided in it a long time when it was occupied by her mother, and she thinks the sleeping-rooms are confined and gloomy.

“After serious consideration and mature deliberation,” we have finally decided on taking the house in the Rue de Matignon. It will be beautiful when completed, but nevertheless not to be compared to the Hôtel Ney. The *salons de réception* are very good, and the decorations are rich and handsome.

The large *salon* is separated from the lesser by an immense plate of unsilvered glass, which admits of the fire-places in each room (they are *vis-à-vis*) being seen, and has a very good effect. A door on each side this large plate of glass opens into the smaller *salon*. The portion of the house allotted to me will, when completed, be like fairly land. A *salon*, destined to contain my buhl cabinets, *porcelaine de Sèvres*, and rare *bijouterie*, opens into a library by two glass doors, and in the pier which divides them is a large mirror filling up the entire space.

In the library that opens on a terrace, which is to be covered with a *berceau*, and converted into a garden, are two mirrors, *vis-à-vis* to the two glass doors that communicate from the *salon*; so that on entering this last, the effect produced is exceedingly pretty. Another large mirror is placed at the end of the library, and reflects the terrace.

When my books and various treasures are arranged in this suite I shall be very comfortably lodged. My *chambre à coucher*, dressing-room, and boudoir, are spacious, and beautifully decorated. All this sounds well and looks well, too, yet we shall leave the Rue de Bourbon with regret, and Lord B—— now laments that we did not secure it for a long term.

Drove in the Bois de Boulogne. A lovely day, which produced a very exhilarating effect on my spirits. I know not whether others experience the same pleasurable sensations that I do on a fine day in spring, when all nature is bursting into life, and the air and earth look joyous. My feelings become more buoyant, my step more elastic, and all that I love seem dearer than before. I remember that even in childhood I was peculiarly sensible to atmospheric influence, and I find that as I grow old this susceptibility does not diminish.

We dined at the Rocher de Cancale yester-

day; and Counts Septeuil and Valeski composed our party. The Rocher de Cancale is the Greenwich of Paris; the oysters and various other kinds of fish served up *con gusto*, attracting people to it, as the white bait draw visitors to Greenwich. Our dinner was excellent, and our party very agreeable.

A *diner de restaurant* is pleasant from its novelty. The guests seem less ceremonious and more gay; the absence of the elegance that marks the dinner-table appointments in a *maison bien montée*, gives a homeliness and heartiness to the repast; and even the attendance of two or three ill-dressed *garçons* hurrying about, instead of half-a-dozen sedate servants in rich liveries, marshalled by a solemn looking *maître d'hôtel* and groom of the chambers, gives a zest to the dinner often wanted in more luxurious feasts.

The Bois de Boulogne yesterday presented one of the gayest sights imaginable as we drove through it, for, being Sunday, all the *bourgeoisie* of Paris were promenading there, and in their holyday dresses. And very pretty and becoming were the said dresses, from those of the *femmes de négociants*, composed of rich and tasteful materials, down to those of the humble *grisettes*, who, with jaunty air and roguish eyes, walked briskly along, casting glances at every

smart toilette they encountered, more intent on examining the dresses than the wearers.

A good taste in dress seems innate in Frenchwomen of every class, and a confidence in their own attractions precludes the air of *mauvaise honte* and *gaucherie* so continually observable in the women of other countries, while it is so distinct from boldness that it never offends. It was pretty to see the gay dresses of varied colours fluttering beneath the delicate green foliage, like rich flowers agitated by a more than usually brisk summer's wind, while the foliage and the dresses are still in their pristine purity.

The *beau monde* occupied the drive in the centre, their vehicles of every description attracting the admiration of the pedestrians, who glanced from the well-appointed carriages, whose owners reclined negligently back as if unwilling to be seen, to the smart young equestrians on prancing steeds, who caracoled past with the air half dandy and half *militaire* that characterizes every young Frenchman.

I am always struck in a crowd in Paris with the soldier-like air of its male population; and this air does not seem to be the result of study, but sits as naturally on them as does the look, half fierce, half mocking, that accompanies it. There is something in the nature of a French-

man that enables him to become a soldier in less time than is usually necessary to render the natives of other countries *au fait* in the routine of duty, just as he learns to dance well in a quarter of the time required to teach them to go through a simple measure.

The Emperor Napoleon quickly observed this peculiar predisposition to a military life in his subjects, and took advantage of it to fool them to the top of their bent. The victories achieved beneath his banner reflect scarcely less honour on them than on him, and the memory of them associates his name in their hearts by the strongest bonds of sympathy that can bind a Frenchman—the love of glory. A sense of duty, high discipline, and true courage, influence our soldiers in the discharge of their calling. They are proud of their country and of their regiment, for the honour of which they are ready to fight unto the death; but a Frenchman, though proud of his country and his regiment, is still more proud of his individual self, and believing that all eyes are upon *him*, acts as if his single arm could accomplish that which only soldiers *en masse* can achieve.

A pleasant party at dinner at home yesterday. The Marquis de Mornay, Count Valeski, and General Ornano, were among the number. Laughed immoderately at the *naïveté* of —, who is irresistibly ludicrous.



Madame —— came in the evening and sang “God save the King.” Time was that her singing this national anthem would have electrified the hearers, but now ——. Alas! alas! that voices, like faces, should lose their delicate flexibility and freshness, and seem but like the faint echo of their former brilliant tones!

Does the ear of a singer, like the eye of some *has-been* beauty, lose its fine perception and become accustomed to the change in the voice, as does the eye to that in the face, to which it appertains, from being daily in the habit of seeing the said face? Merciful dispensation of Providence, which thus saves us from the horror and dismay we must experience could we but behold ourselves as others see us, after a lapse of years without having met; while we, unconscious of the sad change in ourselves, are perfectly sensible of it in them. Oh, the misery of the *mezzo termini* in the journey of life, when time robs the eyes of their lustre, the cheeks of their roses, the mouth of its pearls, and the heart of its gaiety, and writes harsh sentences on brows once smooth and polished as marble!

Well a-day! ah, well a-day!  
Why fleets youth so fast away,  
Taking beauty in its train,  
Never to return again?

Well a-day! ah, well a-day!  
Why will health no longer stay?  
After youth 'twill not remain,  
Chased away by care and pain.

Well a-day! ah, well a-day!  
Youth, health, beauty, gone for aye,  
Life itself must quickly wane  
With its thoughts and wishes vain.

Well a-day! ah, well a-day!  
Frail and perishable clay  
That to earth our wishes chain,  
Well it is that brief's thy reign.

I have been reading Captain Marryat's *Naval Officer*, and think it exceedingly clever and amusing. It is like himself, full of talent, originality, and humour. He is an accurate observer of life; nothing escapes him; yet there is no bitterness in his satire and no exaggeration in his comic vein. He is never obliged to explain to his readers *why* the characters he introduces act in such or such a manner. They always bear out the parts he wishes them to enact, and the whole story goes on so naturally that one feels as if reading a narrative of facts, instead of a work of fiction.

I have known Captain Marryat many years, and liked him from the first; but this circumstance, far from rendering me more indulgent

to his novel, makes me more fastidious; for I find myself at all times more disposed to criticise the writings of persons whom I know and like than those of strangers: perhaps because I expect more from them, if, as in the present case, I know them to be very clever.

Dined yesterday at the Cadran Bleu, and went in the evening to see *Latour d'Auvergne*, a piece founded on the life, and taking its name from a soldier of the time of the Republic. A nobler character than that of Latour d'Auvergne could not be selected for a dramatic hero, and ancient times furnish posterity with no brighter example. A letter from Carnot, then Minister of War, addressed to this distinguished soldier and admirable man, has pleased me so much that I give its substance:

“On fixing my attention on the men who reflect honour on the army, I have remarked you, citizen, and I said to the First Consul—‘Latour d'Auvergne Corret, descendant of the family of Turenne, has inherited its bravery and its virtues. One of the oldest officers in the army, he counts the greatest number of brilliant actions, and all the brave name him to be the most brave. As modest as he is intrepid, he has shown himself anxious for glory alone, and has refused all the grades offered to him. At the eastern Pyrenees the General assembled

all the companies of the grenadiers, and during the remainder of the campaign gave them no chief. The oldest captain was to command them, and he was Latour d'Auvergne. He obeyed, and the corps was soon named by the enemy the Infernal Column.

“ ‘ One of his friends had an only son, whose labour was necessary for the support of his father, and this young man was included in the conscription. Latour d'Auvergne, broken down by fatigue, could not labour, but he could still fight. He hastened to the army of the Rhine; replaced the son of his friend; and, during two campaigns, with his knapsack on his back and always in the foremost rank, he was in every engagement, animating the grenadiers by his discourse and by his example. Poor, but proud, he has refused the gift of an estate offered to him by the head of his family. Simple in his manners, and temperate in his habits, he lives on the limited pay of a captain. Highly informed, and speaking several languages, his erudition equals his courage. We are indebted to his pen for the interesting work entitled *Les Origines Gauloises*. Such rare talents and virtues appertain to the page of history, but to the First Consul belongs the right to anticipate its award.’

“ The First Consul, citizen, heard this recital

with the same emotions that I experienced. He named you instantly first grenadier of the Republic, and decreed you this sword of honour. *Salut et fraternité.*”

The distinction accorded so readily to Latour d’Auvergne by the First Consul, himself a hero, who could better than any other contemporary among his countrymen appreciate the glory he was called on by Carnot to reward, was refused by the gallant veteran.

“Among us soldiers,” said he, “there is neither first nor last.” He demanded, as the sole recompense of his services, to be sent to join his old brothers-in-arms, to fight once more with them, not as the *first*, but as the *oldest*, soldier of the Republic.

His death was like his life, glorious; for he fell on the field of battle at Neubourg, in 1800, mourned by the whole army, who devoted a day’s pay to the purchase of an urn to preserve his heart, for a niche in the Pantheon.

Another distinction, not less touching, was accorded to his memory by the regiment in which he served. The sergeant, in calling the names in the muster of his company, always called Latour d’Auvergne, and the corporal answered—“*Mort au champ d’honneur.*” If the history of this hero excited the warm admiration of those opposed to him in arms, the effect

of its representation on his compatriots may be more easily imagined than described. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm it excited in their minds. Men, women and children, seemed electrified by it.

There is a chord in the hearts of the French that responds instantaneously, and with vivid emotion, to any appeal made to their national glory; and this susceptibility constitutes the germ so easily fructified by those who know how to cultivate it.

Enthusiasm, if it sometimes leads to error, or commits its votaries into the ridiculous, also prompts and accomplishes the most glorious achievements; and it is impossible not to feel a sympathy with its unsophisticated demonstrations thus evinced *en masse*. Civilization, more than aught else, tends to discourage enthusiasm; and where it is pushed to the utmost degree of perfection, there will this prompter of great deeds, this darer of impossibilities and instigator of heroic actions, be most rarely found.

Drove yesterday to see the villa of the Duchesse de Montmorency, which is to be let. The grounds are very pretty, and a portion of them opens by iron rails to the Bois de Boulogne, which is a great advantage. But neither the villa nor the grounds are to be compared to the beautiful ones in the neighbourhood of Lon-

don, where, as an old French gentleman once observed to me, "the trees seem to take a peculiar pride and pleasure in growing.

I have seen nothing to be compared with the tasteful villas on green velvet lawns sloping down to the limpid Thames, near Richmond, with umbrageous trees bending their leafy branches to the earth and water; or to the colonnaded mansions peeping forth from the well-wooded grounds of Roehampton and its vicinage.

I can remember as distinctly as if beheld yesterday, the various tempting residences that meet the eye in a morning drive, or in a row on the silvery Thames, compelling the violation of the tenth commandment, by looking so beautiful that one imagines how happily a life might glide away in such abodes, forgetful that in no earthly abode can existence be passed free from the cares meant to remind us that this is not our abiding place.

Went to see Bagatelle yesterday with the Duchesse de G——. Here the Duc de Bordeaux and Mademoiselle, his sister, pass much of their time. It is a very pleasant villa, and contains many proofs of the taste and industry of these very interesting children, who are greatly beloved by those who have access to them. Various stories were related to us illus-

trative of their goodness of heart and considerate kindness for those around them; and, making all due allowance for the partiality of the narrators, they went far to prove that these scions of royalty are more amiable and unspoilt than are most children of their age, and of even far less elevated rank. "Born in sorrow, and nursed in tears," the Duc de Bordeaux's early infancy has not passed under bright auspices; and those are not wanting who prophesy that he may hereafter look back to the days passed at Bagatelle as the happiest of his life.

It requires little of the prescience of a soothsayer to make this prediction, when we reflect that the lives of even the most popular of those born to the dangerous inheritance of a crown must ever be more exposed to the cares that weigh so heavily, and the responsibility that presses so continually on them, than are those who, exempt from the splendour of sovereignty, escape also its toils. "Oh happy they, the happiest of their kind," who enjoy, in the peace and repose of a private station, a competency, good health, a love of, and power of indulging in, study; an unrepublishing conscience, and a cheerful mind! With such blessings they may contemplate, without a feeling of envy, the more brilliant but less fortunate lots of those great ones of the earth, whose elevation but too often



serves to render them the target at which Fortune loves to aim her most envenomed darts.

Passed the greater part of the morning in the house in the Rue de Matignon, superintending the alterations and improvements to be carried into execution there. It has been found necessary to build an additional room, which the proprietor pledges himself can be ready for occupation in six weeks, and already has its walls reached nearly to their intended height. The builders seem to be as expeditious as the upholsterers at Paris, and adding a room or two to a mansion appears to be as easily accomplished as adding some extra furniture.

One is made to pay dearly, however, for this facility and expedition; for rents are extravagantly high at Paris, as are also the prices of furniture.

Already does the terrace begin to assume the appearance of a garden. Deep beds of earth inclosed in green cases line the sides, and an abundance of orange-trees, flowering shrubs, plants, and flowers, are placed in them.

At the end of the terrace, the wall which bounds it has been painted in fresco, with a view of Italian scenery; and this wall forms the back of an aviary, with a fountain that plays in the centre. A smaller aviary, constructed of glass, is erected on the end of the terrace, close to my

library, from the window of which I can feed my favourite birds; and this aviary, as well as the library, is warmed by means of a stove beneath the latter. The terrace is covered by a lattice-work, formed into arched windows at the side next the court: over the sides and roof there are trailing parasitical plants. Nothing in the new residence pleases me so much as this suite, and the terrace attached to it.

Already do we begin to feel the unsettled state peculiar to an intended change of abode, and the prospect of entering a new one disturbs the sense of enjoyment of the old. Gladly would we remain where we are, for we prefer this hôtel to any other at Paris; but the days we have to sojourn in it are numbered, and our regret is unavailing.

## CHAPTER VII.

Unexpected Events—Mr. and Mrs. Mathews—Their Son Charles—Evening Party—Recitations and Songs—Pleasant Recollections—Visit to the *Jardin des Plantes*—Amusing Incident—Humorous Imitations—Intellectual Powers—Recourse to Reading—The Comte Montalembert—His Grief on the Death of his Daughter—Restraint imposed by Society—Fate of the Unfortunate—The Prince and Princess Soutzo—Particulars relative to them—Reverse of Fortune—Mr. Rogers and Mr. Luttrell—Memory of Lord Byron—His Lampoon on Rogers—Love of Sarcasm—Conversation of Mr. Luttrell—Lord John Russell—His Qualifications—Monsieur Thiers—Monsieur Mignet—His Vigorous Writings—Friendship between Thiers and Mignet—The Baron Cailleux—Visit to the Louvre—Taste for the Fine Arts—The Marquis and Marquise de B———Clever People—Lord Allen and Sir Andrew Barnard—The Culinary Art.

SEPTEMBER 1829.—A chasm of many months in my journal. When last I closed it, little could I have foreseen the terrible blow that awaited me. Well may I exclaim with the French writer whose works I have been just reading, "*Nous, qui sommes bornés en tout, comment le sommes nous si peu quand il s'agit de souffrir.*" How slowly has time passed since! Every hour counted, and each coloured by care, the past turned to with the vain hope

of forgetting the present, and the future no longer offering the bright prospect it once unfolded!

How is my destiny changed since I last opened this book! My hopes have faded and vanished like the leaves whose opening into life I hailed with joy six months ago, little dreaming that before the first cold breath of autumn had tinted them with brown, *he* who saw them expand with me would have passed from the earth!

*October.*—Ill, and confined to my chamber for several days. My physician prescribes society to relieve low spirits; but in the present state of mine, the remedy seems worse than the disease.

My old friends Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, and their clever son, have arrived at Paris and dined here yesterday. Mr. Mathews is as entertaining as ever, and his wife as amiable and *spirituelle*. They are excellent as well as clever people, and their society is very agreeable. Charles Mathews, the son, is full of talent, possesses all his father's powers of imitation, and sings comic songs of his own composition that James Smith himself might be proud to have written.

The Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, the Marquise de Pouleprrie, Lady Combermere, Madame

Craufurd, and Count Valeski, came in the evening, and were all highly gratified with some recitations and songs given us by Mr. Mathews and his son. They were not less pleased with Mrs. Mathews, whose manners and conversation are peculiarly fascinating, and whose good looks and youthfulness of appearance made them almost disbelieve that she could be the mother of a grown-up son.

How forcibly did the recitations and songs bring back former times to my memory, when in St. James's Square, or in his own beautiful cottage at Highgate, I have so frequently been delighted by the performances of this clever and worthy man! The recollection of the past occupied me more last night than did the actual present, and caused me to return but a faint echo to the reiterated applause which every new effort of his drew forth from the party. There are moments when the present appears like a dream, and that we think the past, which is gone for ever, had more of reality in it!

I took Mr. and Mrs. Mathews to the Jardin des Plantes to-day, and was much amused by an incident that occurred there. A pretty child, with her *bonne*, were seated on a bench near to which we placed ourselves. She was asking questions relative to the animals she had seen, and Mr. Mathews having turned his head away

from her, gave some admirable imitations of the sounds peculiar to the beasts of which she was speaking, and also of the voice and speeches of the person who had exhibited them.

Never did he exert himself more to please a crowded and admiring audience than to amuse this child, who, maintaining an immovable gravity during the imitations, quietly observed to her nurse, "*Ma bonne, ce Monsieur est bien drôle.*"

The mortification of Mr. Mathews on this occasion was very diverting. "How!" exclaimed he, "is it possible that all my efforts to amuse that child have so wholly failed? She never moved a muscle! I suppose the French children are not so easily pleased as our English men and women are?"

He reverted to this disappointment more than once during our drive back, and seemed dispirited by it. Nevertheless, he gave us some most humorous imitations of the lower orders of the French talking loudly together, in which he spoke in so many different voices that one could have imagined that no less than half-a-dozen people, at least, were engaged in the conversation.

I think so highly of the intellectual powers of Mr. Mathews, and find his conversation so interesting that, admirable as are his imitations,

I prefer the former. He has seen so much of the world in all its phases, that he has a piquant anecdote or a clever story to relate touching every place and almost every person mentioned. Yet, with all this intuitive and acquired knowledge of the world, he possesses all the simplicity of a child, and a good nature that never can resist an appeal to it.

Spent all yesterday in reading, and writing letters on business. I begin to experience the *ennui* of having affairs to attend to, and groan in spirit, if not aloud, at having to read and write dry details on the subject. To unbend my mind from its painful thoughts and tension, I devoted the evening to reading, which affords me the surest relief, by transporting my thoughts from the cares that oppress me.

Had a long visit from my old acquaintance the Count de Montalembert, to-day. He is in very low spirits, occasioned by the recent death of an only and charming daughter, and could not restrain his deep emotion, when recounting to me the particulars of her latter days. His grief was contagious, and found a chord in my heart that responded to it. When we last met, it was in a gay and brilliant party, each of us in high spirits; and now, though but a few more years have passed over our heads, how changed are our feelings! We meet, not to

amuse and be amused, but to talk of those we have lost, and whose loss has darkened our lives. He spoke of his son, who already gives the promise of distinguishing himself, and of reflecting credit on his family.

How little do we know people whom we meet only in general society, in which every one assumes a similar tone and manner, reserving for home the peculiarities that distinguish each from the other, and suppressing all demonstration of the feelings indulged only in the privacy of the domestic circle!

I have been many years acquainted with the Count de Montalembert, yet never really appreciated him until to-day. Had I been asked to describe him yesterday, I should have spoken of him as a *spirituel*, lively, and amusing man, with remarkably good manners, a great knowledge of the world, and possessing in an eminent degree the tact and talent *de société*. Had any one mentioned that he was a man of deep feeling, I should have been disposed to question the discernment of the person who asserted it; yet now I am as perfectly convinced of the fact as it is possible to be, and had he paid this visit, before affliction had assailed me, he would not, I am convinced, have revealed his own grief. Yes, affliction is like the divinatory wand,



whose touch discovers deep-buried springs the existence of which was previously unknown.

—— called on me to-day, and talked a good deal of ——. I endeavoured to excite sympathy for the unhappy person, but failed in the attempt. The unfortunate generally meet with more blame than pity; for as the latter is a painful emotion, people endeavour to exonerate themselves from its indulgence, by trying to discover some error which may have led to the misfortune they are too selfish to commiserate. Alas! there are but few friends who, like ivy, cling to ruin, and —— is not one of these.

The Prince and Princesse Soutzo dined with us yesterday. They are as amiable and agreeable as ever, and I felt great gratification in meeting them again. We talked over the many pleasant days we passed together at Pisa. Alas! how changed is my domestic circle since then! They missed *one* who would have joined me in welcoming them to Paris, and whose unvaried kindness they have not forgotten!

The “decent dignity,” with which this interesting couple support their altered fortunes, won my esteem on our first acquaintance. Prince Soutzo was Hospodar, or reigning Prince of Moldavia, and married the eldest daughter of Prince Carraga, Hospodar of Vallachia. He maintained the state attendant on his high rank,

beloved and respected by those he governed, until the patriotic sentiments inseparable from a great mind induced him to sacrifice rank, fortune, and power, to the cause of Greece, his native land. He only saved his life by flight, for the angry Sultan, with whom he had previously been a great favourite, had already sent an order for his decapitation! Never was a reverse of fortune borne with greater equanimity than by this charming family, whose virtues, endowments, and acquirements fit them for the most elevated station.

My old acquaintances, Mr. Rogers the poet, and Mr. Luttrell, called on me to-day. Of how many pleasant days in St. James's Square did the sight of both remind me! Such days I shall pass there no more: but I must not give way to reflections that are, alas! as unavailing as they are painful. Both of these my old friends are unchanged. Time has dealt gently by them during the seven years that have elapsed since we last met: the restless tyrant has ever been less merciful to me. We may, however, bear with equanimity the ravages of Time, if we meet the destroyer side by side with those dear to us, those who have witnessed our youth and maturity, and who have advanced with us into the autumn of life; but, when *they* are lost to us, how dreary becomes the prospect!

How difficult it is to prevent the mind from dwelling on thoughts fraught with sadness, when once the chord of memory vibrates to the touch of grief!

Mr. Rogers talked of Byron, and evinced a deep feeling of regard for his memory. He little knows the manner in which he is treated in a certain poem, written by him in one of his angry moods, and which I urged him, but in vain, to commit to the flames. The knowledge of it, however, would, I am convinced, excite no wrath in the heart of Rogers, who would feel more sorrow than anger that one he believed his friend could have written so bitter a diatribe against him. And, truth to say, the poem in question is more injurious to the memory of Byron than it could be painful to him who is the subject of it; but I hope that it may never be published, and I think no one who had delicacy or feeling would bring it to light.

Byron read this lampoon to us one day at Genoa, and enjoyed our dismay at it like a froward boy who had achieved what he considers some mischievous prank. He offered us a copy, but we declined to accept it; for, being in the habit of seeing Mr. Rogers frequently beneath our roof, we thought it would be treacherous to him. Byron, however, found others less

scrupulous, and three or four copies of it have been given away.

The love of mischief was strong in the heart of Byron even to the last, but, while recklessly indulging it in trifles, he was capable of giving proofs of exalted friendship to those against whom he practised it; and, had Rogers stood in need of kindness, he would have found no lack of it from his brother poet, even in the very hour he had penned the malicious lampoon in question against him.

Comte d'Orsay, with his frank *naïvété* observed, "I thought you were one of Mr. Rogers' most intimate friends, and so all the world had reason to think, after reading your dedication of the *Giaour* to him."

"Yes," answered Byron, laughing, "and it is our friendship that gives me the privilege of taking a liberty with him."

"If it is thus you evince your friendship," replied Comte d'Orsay, "I should be disposed to prefer your enmity."

"You," said Byron, "could never excite this last sentiment in my breast, for you neither say nor do spiteful things."

Brief as was the period Byron had lived in what is termed fashionable society in London, it was long enough to have engendered in him a habit of *persiflage*, and a love of uttering

sarcasms, (more from a desire of displaying wit than from malice,) peculiar to that circle of which, if every man's hand is not against his associates, every man's tongue is. He drew no line of demarcation between *uttering* and *writing* satirical things; and the first being, if not sanctioned, at least permitted in the society in which he had lived in London, he considered himself not more culpable in inditing his satires than the others were in speaking them. He would have laughed at being censured for putting on paper the epigrammatic malice that his former associates would delight in uttering before all except the person at whom it was aimed; yet the world see the matter in another point of view, and many of those who *speak* as much evil of their *soi-disant* friends, would declare, if not feel, themselves shocked at Byron's writing it.

I know no more agreeable member of society than Mr. Luttrell. His conversation, like a limpid stream, flows smoothly and brightly along, revealing the depths beneath its current, now sparkling over the objects it discloses or reflecting those by which it glides. He never talks for talking's sake; but his mind is so well filled that, like a fountain which when stirred sends up from its bosom sparkling showers, his mind, when excited, sends forth thoughts no less

bright than profound, revealing the treasures with which it is so richly stored. The conversation of Mr. Luttrell makes me think, while that of many others only amuses me.

Lord John Russell has arrived at Paris, and sat with me a considerable time to-day. How very agreeable he can be when his reserve wears off, and what a pity it is he should ever allow it to veil the many fine qualities he possesses! Few men have a finer taste in literature, or a more highly cultivated mind. It seizes with rapidity whatever is brought before it; and being wholly free from passion or egotism, the views he takes on all subjects are just and unprejudiced. He has a quick perception of the ridiculous, and possesses a fund of dry caustic humour that might render him a very dangerous opponent in a debate, were it not governed by a good breeding and a calmness that never forsake him.

Lord John Russel is precisely the person calculated to fill a high official station. Well informed on all subjects, with an ardent love of his country, and an anxious desire to serve it, he has a sobriety of judgment and a strictness of principle that will for ever place him beyond the reach of suspicion, even to the most prejudiced of his political adversaries. The reserve complained of by those who are only superficially

acquainted with him, would be highly advantageous to a minister; for it would not only preserve him from the approaches to familiarity, so injurious to men in power, but would discourage the hopes founded on the facility of manner of those whose very smiles and simple acts of politeness are by the many looked on as an encouragement to form the most unreasonable ones, and as an excuse for the indulgence of angry feelings when those unreasonable hopes are frustrated.

Lord John Russell, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Luttrell, Monsieur Thiers, Monsieur Mignet, and Mr. Poulett Thomson, dined here yesterday. The party was an agreeable one, and the guests seemed mutually pleased with each other.

Monsieur Thiers is a very remarkable person—quick, animated, and observant; nothing escapes him, and his remarks are indicative of a mind of great power. I enjoy listening to his conversation, which is at once full of originality, yet free from the slightest shade of eccentricity.

Monsieur Mignet, who is the inseparable friend of Monsieur Thiers, reminds me every time I see him of Byron, for there is a striking likeness in the countenance. With great abilities, Monsieur Mignet gives me the notion of being more fitted to a life of philosophical research and contemplation than of action, while

Monsieur Thiers impresses me with the conviction of his being formed to fill a busy and conspicuous part in the drama of life.

He is a sort of modern Prometheus, capable of creating and of vivifying with the electric spark of mind; but, whether he would steal the fire from Heaven, or a less elevated region, I am not prepared to say. He has called into life a body—and a vast one—by his vigorous writings, and has infused into it a spirit that will not be soon or easily quelled. Whether that spirit will tend to the advancement of his country or not, time will prove; but, *en attendant*, its ebullitions may occasion as much trouble to the *powers that be* as did the spirit engendered by Mirabeau in a former reign.

The countenance of Monsieur Thiers is remarkable. The eyes, even through his spectacles, flash with intelligence, and the expression of his face varies with every sentiment he utters. Thiers is a man to effect a revolution, and Mignet would be the historian to narrate it.

There is something very interesting in the unbroken friendship of these two men of genius, and its constancy elevates both in my estimation. They are not more unlike than are their respective works, both of which, though so dissimilar, are admirable in their way. The mobility and extreme excitability of the French,



render such men as Monsieur Thiers extremely dangerous to monarchical power. His genius, his eloquence, and his boldness, furnish him with the means of exciting the enthusiasm of his countrymen, as surely as a torch applied to gunpowder produces an explosion. In England these qualities, however elevated, would fail to produce similar results; for enthusiasm is there little known, and, when it comes forth, satisfies itself with a brief manifestation, and swiftly resigns itself to the prudent jurisdiction of reason. Napoleon himself, with all the glory associated with his name—a glory that intoxicated the French—would have failed to inebriate the sober-minded English.

Through my acquaintance with the Baron Cailleux, who is at the head of the Musée, I obtained permission to take Lord John Russell, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Luttrell, to the galleries of the Louvre yesterday, it being a day on which the public are excluded. The Baron received us, did the honours of the Musée with all the intelligence and urbanity that distinguish him, and made as favourable an impression on my countrymen as they seemed to have produced on him.

Rogers has a pure taste in the fine arts, and has cultivated it *con amore*; Luttrell brings to the study a practised eye and a matured judg-

ment; but Lord John, nurtured from infancy in dwellings, the walls of which glow with the *chefs d'œuvre* of the old masters and the best works of the modern ones, possesses an exquisite tact in recognizing at a glance the finest points in a picture, and reasons on them with all the *savoir* of a connoisseur and the feeling of an amateur.

It is a pleasant thing to view collections of art with those fully capable of appreciating them, and I enjoyed this satisfaction yesterday. The Baron Cailleux evinced no little pleasure in conducting my companions from one masterpiece to another, and two or three hours passed away rapidly in the interesting study.

The Marquis and Marquise de B——, Comte V——, and some others, dined here yesterday. The Marquise de B—— is very clever, has agreeable manners, knows the world thoroughly, and neither under nor overvalues it. [ A constant friction with society, while it smooths down asperities and polishes manners, is apt to impair if not destroy much of the originality and raciness peculiar to clever people. ] To suit themselves to the ordinary level of society, they become either insipid or satirical; they mix too much water, or apply cayenne pepper to the wine of their conversation: hence that mind which, apart from the artificial atmos-

phere of the busy world, might have grown into strength and beauty, becomes like some poor child nurtured in the unhealthy precincts of a dense and crowded city—diseased, stunted, rickety, and incapable of distinguishing itself from its fellows.

As clever people cannot elevate the mass with which they herd to their own level, they are apt to sink to theirs; and persons with talents that might have served for nobler purposes are suffered to degenerate into *diseurs de bon mots* and *raconteurs de société*, content with the paltry distinction of being considered amusing. How many such have I encountered, satisfied with being pigmies, who might have grown to be giants, but who were consoled by the reflection that in that world in which their sole aim is to shine, pigmies are more tolerated than giants; as people prefer looking down to looking up!

Lord Allen and Sir Andrew Barnard dined here yesterday. They appear to enter into the gaiety of Paris with great zest, go the round of the theatres, dine at all the celebrated *restaurants*, mix enough in the *beau monde* to be enabled to observe the difference between the Parisian and London one, and will, at the expiration of the term assigned to their *séjour*

here, return to England well satisfied with their trip and with themselves.

Lord A—— has tasted all the *nouveaux plats à la mode*, for at Paris new dishes are as frequently invented as new bonnets or caps; and the proficiency in the culinary art which he has acquired will render him an oracle at his clubs, until the more recent arrival of some other Epicurean from the French capital deposes his brief sovereignty.

But it is not in the culinary art alone that Lord Allen evinces his good taste, for no one is a better judge of all that constitutes the *agrémens* of life, or more *au fait* of the mode of contributing to them.

Sir A. B——, as devoted as ever to music, has heard all the new, and finds that the old, like old friends, lose nothing by comparison. It is pleasant to see that the advance of years impairs not the taste for a refined and innocent pleasure.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Luttrell—Society of Refined Englishmen—Mercurial Temperament of the French—Opposite Characters—M. Erard's Collection of Pictures—Antique *Bijouterie*—Lord Pembroke—The Duke of Hamilton—Dr. Parr—Reproof of the Duc de Blacas—Monsieur Mignet—His great Knowledge—A Clever Man—Influence of Conscience—Abilities of Lord Palmerston—Lord Castlereagh—His Uncle, the late Marquess of Londonderry—Dangers of Fashion—Mr. Cutlar Fergusson—The Baron and Baroness de Ruysch—A Mind at Ease—Dreary Weather—Sad State of the Streets—Fogs—Fascination of Madame Grassini—Sledge Party—Sledge of the Duc de Guiche—That of Comte d'Orsay's—Picturesque Night Scene—Revival of an Old Fashion—The Prince Polignac—His Amiable Manners—His Difficult Position.

MR. ROGERS and Mr. Luttrell spent last evening here. The minds of both teem with reflection, and their conversation is a high intellectual treat to me. There is a repose in the society of clever and refined Englishmen to be met with in no other: the absence of all attempts to shine, or at least of the evidence of such attempts; the mildness of the manners; the low voices, the freedom from any flattery, except the most delicate and acceptable of all to a fastidious person, namely, that implied by

the subjects of conversation chosen, and the interest yielded to them; ~~f~~yes, these peculiarities have a great charm for me, and Mr. Rogers and Mr. Luttrell possess them in an eminent degree.

The mercurial temperaments of the French preclude them from this calmness of manner and mildness of speech. More obsequiously polite and attentive to women, the exuberance of their animal spirits often hurries them into a gaiety evinced by brilliant sallies and clever observations. They shine, but they let the desire to do so be too evident to admit of that quietude that forms one of the most agreeable, as well as distinguishing, attributes of the conversation of a refined and highly intellectual Englishman.

—— and —— spent last evening here. Two more opposite characters could not easily have encountered. One influenced wholly by his feelings, the other by his reason, each seemed to form a low estimate of the other; and this, *malgré* all the restraint imposed by good breeding, was but too visible. Neither has any cause to be vain, for he becomes a dupe who judges with his heart instead of his head, and an egotist who permits not his heart to be touched by the toleration of his head. —— is often duped, but sometimes liked for his good nature; while ——, if never duped, is never liked.

I took Lord John Russell, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Luttrell yesterday to La Muette, to see M. Erard's fine collection of pictures, with which they were very much pleased. Our drive to the Bois de Boulogne was a very agreeable one, and was rendered so by their pleasant conversation.

I have presented Mr. Rogers with some acquisitions for his cabinet of antique *bijouterie*, with which he appears delighted. I outbid Mr. Millingen, who was bargaining at Naples for these little treasures, and secured a diminutive Cupid, a Bacchus, and a small bunch of grapes of pure gold, and of exquisite workmanship, which will now be transferred to the museum of my friend, Mr. Rogers. He will not, I dare say, be more grateful for the gift of my Cupid than his sex generally are when ladies no longer young bestow their love on them, and so I hinted when giving him the little winged god; but, *n'importe*, the gift may please, though the giver be forgotten.

Lord Pembroke dined here yesterday. He is peculiarly well bred and gentlemanlike, and looks a nobleman from top to toe. He has acquired all the polish and *savoir vivre* of the best foreign society, without having lost any of the more solid and fine qualities peculiar to the most distinguished portion of his countrymen. Lord

Pembroke maintains the reputation of English taste in equipages by sporting horses and carriages that excite the admiration, if not the envy, of the Parisians, among whom he is, and deserves to be, very popular.

The Duke of Hamilton paid me a long visit to-day. We talked over old times, and our mutual friend Dr. Parr, in whose society we formerly passed such agreeable hours in St. James's Square. The Duke is a very well informed man, has read much, and remembers what he has read; and the ceremoniousness of his manners, with which some people find fault, I have got used to, and rather like than otherwise. The mixture of chivalric sentiments, Scotch philosophy, and high breeding of the old French school which meet in the Duke, render his conversation very piquant.

He has, indeed, the dignity of his three dukedoms; the *fierté* of that of Chatelherault, the reserve of that of England, and the spirit of that of Scotland: witness his dignified reproof to the Duc de Blacas at Rome, when that very unpopular personage, then Ambassador from the court of France, presumed to comment on the frequency of the Duke of Hamilton's visits to the Princess Pauline Borghese, who, being a Buonaparte, was looked on with a jealous eye by Blacas.



Monsieur Mignet spent last evening here. The more I see of him the more I am pleased with his society. To a mind stored with knowledge he joins a happy facility of bringing forth its treasures, never as if ostentatious of his wealth, but in illustration of any topic that is discussed, on which he brings it to bear most aptly and appropriately. His countenance lights up with expression when he converses, and adds force to an eloquence always interesting and often instructive.

Though Monsieur Mignet shines in monologue more than in dialogue, there is nothing either dictatorial or pedantic in his manner. He utters opinions new and original, which it is evident he has deeply reflected on, and elucidates them to the comprehension of his auditors with great felicity. I like listening to the conversation of such a man; and clever people, when they find an attentive listener, are incited to talk well.

In general society, in which many persons of totally opposite tastes, pursuits, and opinions, are thrown together, a clever man has seldom an opportunity of bringing forth the treasures of his mind. He can only dispense the small coin, which is easily changed with those he comes in contact with; but the weighty and valuable metal is not brought into use, because he knows

the greater number of those around him could give him no equivalent in exchange.

——, conversing with Lady —— to-day, she observed that in early life conscience has less influence than in advanced life, and accounted for it by the nearer approach to death rendering people more alarmed, and consequently more disposed to listen to it. Some persons attribute all good impulses to fear, as if mortals were more governed by its influence than by that of love and gratitude.

If conscience is less frequently heard in youth, it is that the tumultuous throbbing of the heart, and the wild suggestions of the passions, prevent its “still small voice” from being audible; but in the decline of life, when the heart beats languidly and the passions slumber, it makes itself heard, and on its whispers depends our happiness or misery.

My old acquaintance, Lord Palmerston, has arrived at Paris, and dined here yesterday, to meet the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, Count Valeski, and Mr. Poulett Thomson. Seven years have produced no change in Lord Palmerston. He is the same intelligent, sensible, and agreeable person that I remember him to have been for many years.

Lord Palmerston has much more ability than people are disposed to give him credit for. He

is, or used to be, when I lived in England, considered a good man of business, acute in the details, and quick in the comprehension of complicated questions. Even this is no mean praise, but I think him entitled to more; for, though constantly and busily occupied with official duties, he has contrived to find time to read everything worth reading, and to make himself acquainted with the politics of other countries.

Lively, well bred, and unaffected, Lord Palmerston is a man that is so well acquainted with the routine of official duties, performs them so readily and pleasantly, and is so free from the assumption of self-importance that too frequently appertains to adepts in them, that whether Whig or Tory government has the ascendant in England, his services will be always considered a desideratum to be secured if possible.

Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Cutlar Fergusson, and Count Valeski dined here yesterday. Lord C. has just arrived from England, and is a good specimen of the young men of the present day. He reminds me of his uncle, the late Marquess of Londonderry, one of the most amiable and well bred man I ever knew. Lord C — is very animated and piquant in conversation, thinks for himself, and says what he thinks with a frankness not often met with in our times.

Yet there is no *brusquerie* in his manners; *au contraire*, they are soft and very pleasing; and this contrast between the originality and fearlessness of his opinions, and the perfect good breeding with which they are expressed, lend a peculiar attraction to his manner. If Lord C—— were not a man of fashion he would become something vastly better, for he has much of the chivalrous spirit of his father and the tact of his uncle. Fashion is the gulf in whose vortex so many fine natures are wrecked in England; what a pity it is that they cannot be rescued from its dangers!

Mr. Cutlar Fergusson is a clever and amiable man, mild, well informed, and agreeable.

The Baron and Baroness de Ruysch spent yesterday with us. They are an estimable couple, and very pleasant withal. His philosophy, which has nothing of the ascetic in it, harmonizes very well with her vivacity, and her sprightliness never degenerates into levity. It is the gaiety of a mind at ease, pleased with others, and content with self. How unlike the exuberant spirits of ——, which always depress mine more than a day's *tête-à-tête* with the moodiest hypochondriac could do!

Nothing can be more dreary and cheerless than the weather; and a second winter's residence at Paris has convinced me that London

is infinitely preferable at this season, except to those who consider gaiety an equivalent for comfort. The negligence and bad management of the persons whose duty it is to remove the snow or mud from the streets, render them not only nearly impassable for pedestrians but exceedingly disagreeable to those who have carriages.

Previously to the heavy fall of snow that occurred a week ago, and which still encumbers the streets, a succession of wet days occasioned an accumulation of mud that gave forth most unsavoury odours, and lent a damp chilliness to the atmosphere which sent home to their sick chambers, assailed by sore throats and all the other miseries peculiar to colds, many of those who were so imprudent as to venture abroad. The snow, instead of being swept away, is piled up on each side of the streets, forming a wall that increases the gloom and chilliness that reigns around. The fogs, too, rise from the Seine, and hover over the Champs Elysées and streets adjacent to it, rendering a passage through them a service of danger.

Lord Castlereagh and Madame Grassini dined here last evening. He was much amused with the raciness and originality of her remarks; and she was greatly gratified by the polite attention with which he listened to them. At one mo-

ment she pronounced him to be "*le vrai image de ce cher et bon Lord Castlereagh*," whom she had so much liked; and the next she declared him to be exactly like "*ce preux chevalier, son père*," who was so irresistible that no female heart, or, as she said, at least no Italian female heart, could resist him.

Then she spoke of "*ce cher et excellent Duc de Vellington*," who had been so kind to her, asked a thousand questions about him, the tears starting into her brilliant eyes as she dwelt on the reminiscences of those days when, considered the finest singer and most beautiful woman of her time, she received a homage accorded to her beauty and talent never since so universally decreed to any *prima donna*. The Grassini cannot be known without being liked, she is so warm-hearted, unaffected and sincere.

The prettiest sight imaginable was a party of our friends in sledges, who yesterday passed through the streets. This was the first time I had ever seen this mode of conveyance, and nothing can be more picturesque. The sledge of the Duc de Guiche, in which reclined the Duchesse, the Duc seated behind her and holding, at each side of her, the reins of the horse, presented the form of a swan, the feathers beautifully sculptured. The back of this colossal swan being hollowed out, admitted a seat,

which, with the whole of the interior, was covered with fine fur. The harness and trappings of the superb horse that drew it were richly decorated, and innumerable silver bells were attached to it, the sound of which was pleasant to the ear.

The Duchesse, wrapped in a pelisse of the finest Russian sable, never looked handsomer than in her sledge, her fair cheeks tinged with a bright pink by the cold air, and her luxuriant silken curls falling on the dark fur that encircled her throat.

Count A. d'Orsay's sledge presented the form of a dragon, and the accoutrements and horse were beautiful; the harness was of red morocco, embroidered with gold. The Prince Poniatowski and Comte Valeski followed in sledges of the ordinary Russian shape, and the whole cavalcade had a most picturesque effect. The Parisians appeared to be highly delighted with the sight, and, above all, with the beautiful Duchesse borne along through the snow in her swan.

My medical adviser pressed me so much to accede to the wishes of my friends and try the salutary effect of a drive in a sledge, that I yesterday accompanied them to St. Cloud, where we dined, and returned at night by torch-light. Picturesque as is the appearance of the sledges

by day-light, it is infinitely more so by night, particularly of those that have the form of animals or birds.

The swan of the Duchesse de Guiche had bright lamps in its eyes, which sent forth a clear light that was reflected in prismatic colours on the drifted snow, and ice-gemmed branches of the trees, as we drove through the Bois de Boulogne. Grooms, bearing lighted torches, preceded each sledge; and the sound of the bells in the Bois, silent and deserted at that hour, made one fancy one's self transported to some far northern region.

The dragon of Comte A. d'Orsay looked strangely fantastic at night. In the mouth, as well as the eyes, was a brilliant red light; and to a tiger-skin covering, that nearly concealed the cream-coloured horse, revealing only the white mane and tail, was attached a double line of silver gilt bells, the jingle of which was very musical and cheerful.

The shadows of the tall trees falling on an immense plain of snow, the light flashing in fitful gleams from the torches and lamps as we were hurried rapidly along, looked strange and unearthly, and reminded me of some of the scenes described in those northern fictions perused in the happy days of childhood.

This excursion and exposure to the wintry



air procured me a good night's sleep,—the first enjoyed since the severity of the weather has deprived me of my usual exercise. This revival of an old fashion (for in former days sledges were considered as indispensable in the winter *remise* of a grand seigneur in France as cabriolets or britchkas are in the summer) has greatly pleased the Parisian world, and crowds flock to see them as they pass along. The velocity of the movement, the gaiety of the sound of the bells, and the cold bracing air, have a very exhilarating effect on the spirits.

Met the Prince Polignac at the Duchesse de G——'s to-day. His countenance is remarkably good, his air and manner *très distingué*, and his conversation precisely what might be expected from an English gentleman—mild, reasonable, and unaffected. If I had not previously known him to be one of the most amiable men in the world, I should have soon formed this judgment of him, for every expression of his countenance, and every word he utters, give this impression.

The Prince Polignac has lived much in England, and seems to me to be formed to live there, for his tastes are decidedly English. Twice married, both his wives were English; so that it is no wonder that he has adopted much of our modes of thinking. Highly as I am disposed

to estimate him, I do not think that he is precisely the person calculated to cope with the difficulties that must beset a minister, and, above all, a minister in France, in times like the present.

The very qualities that render him so beloved in private life, and which make his domestic circle one of the happiest in the world, are perhaps those which unfit him for so trying a post as the one he is now called on to hold—a post requiring abilities so various, and qualifications so manifold, that few, if any, could be found to possess the rare union.

A spirit is rife in France that renders the position of *premier* in it almost untenable; and he must unite the firmness of a stoic, the knowledge of a Machiavelli, and the boldness of a Napoleon, who could hope to stem the tide that menaces to set in and sweep away the present institutions. If honesty of intention, loyalty to his sovereign, personal courage, attachment to his country, and perfect disinterestedness could secure success, then might Prince Polignac expect it.

## CHAPTER IX.

Effects of Indisposition—Instability of Earthly Blessings—Captain William Anson (Brother of Lord Anson)—His varied Acquirements—The pretty Madame de la H.——Prince Paul Lieven—Captain Cadogan (now Earl Cadogan)—Life at Sea—Visit to the Duchesse de Guiche—Her Warmth and Gentleness of Manner—Political Crisis—The Conquest of Algiers—General Excekmans—Rash Measure—Charles the Tenth—His Ministry unpopular—Prosperity of France—Extorted Concessions—Dissolution of the Chambers—The Public Press—Controversy—Commotion before the Hotel of the Minister des Finances—The Ministers insulted—Counsel of the Duc de Guiche—Serious Aspect of Affairs—Crowds in the Streets—Household of Charles the Tenth—Noblesse of his Court—Confusion and Alarm—Riotous Conduct—Firing on the People—Formation of Barricades—Absence of the Civil Authorities—Nocturnal Impressions—Comtes d'Orsay and Valeski—Scene in the Place de la Bourse—The Corps de Garde set on Fire—Darkness in the Rue Richelieu—Further Disturbances—Continued Depredations—Breach between the People and the Sovereign—Anecdote of Monsieur Salvandy.

MAY.—Some months have elapsed since I noted down a line in this book. Indisposition and its usual attendants, languor and lassitude, have caused me to throw it by. Time that once rolled as pleasantly as rapidly along, seems now to pace as slowly as sadly; and even the

approach of spring, that joyous season never before unwelcomed, now awakens only painful recollections. Who can see the trees putting forth their leaves without a dread that, ere they have yet expanded into their full growth, some one may be snatched away who with us hailed their first opening verdure?

When once Death has invaded our hearts and torn from us some dear object on whose existence our happiness depended, we lose all the confidence previously fondly and foolishly experienced in the stability of the blessings we enjoy, and not only deeply mourn those lost, but tremble for those yet spared to us. I once thought that I could never behold this genial season without pleasure; alas! it now occasions only gloom.

Captain William Anson, the brother of Lord Anson, dined here yesterday. He is a very remarkable young man; highly distinguished in his profession, being considered one of the best officers in the navy, and possessing all the accomplishments of a finished gentleman. His reading has been extensive, and his memory is very retentive. He has been in most quarters of the globe, and has missed no opportunity of cultivating his mind and of increasing his stock of knowledge. He is, indeed, a worthy descendant of his great ancestor, who might well

be proud of such a scion to the ancient stock. Devoted to the arduous duties of his profession, he studies every amelioration in it *con amore*; and, if a long life be granted to him, will prove one of its brightest ornaments.

The Marquis and Marquise de B—— spent last evening here, and several people dropped in. Among them was the pretty Madame de la H——, as piquant and lively as ever, as content with herself (and she has reason to be so, being very good-looking and amusing) and as careless of the suffrages of others. I like the young and the gay of my own sex, though I am no longer either.

Prince Paul Lieven and Captain Cadogan\* dined here yesterday. The first is as *spirituel* and clever as formerly, and the second is as frank, high spirited, and well bred—the very *beau idéal* of a son of the sea, possessing all the attributes of that generous race, joined to all those said to be peculiar to the high born and well educated.

I like the conversation of such men—men who, nursed in the lap of luxury, are sent from the noble dwellings of their sires to be “cabined, cribbed, confined,” in (to my thinking) the most unbearable of all prisons—a ship; pass months

\* The present Earl of Cadogan.

and years exposed to hardships, privations, and dangers, from the endurance of which even the poor and lowly born often shrink, and bring back to society the high breeding and urbanity not to be surpassed in those whose lots have been exempt from such trials; and, what is still more precious, the experience and reflection acquired in their perilous profession, and in the many hours of solitude and anxiety that appertain to it.

Sat a considerable time with the Duchesse de Guiche to-day. How amiable and kind-hearted she is, and how unspoilt by all the brilliancy of her position! While I was there the mother and son of a young page, for whom the Duc and Duchesse have obtained that office at court, came to thank her. The boy is a very fine youth, and the mother and sister seem to dote on him. They reminded me of the mother and sister that a sentimental writer would have created for the occasion, being exceedingly interesting in their appearance and manner. The boy was evidently as fond and proud of them as they were of him, and the group formed a charming picture.

The warmth and gentleness of the manners of the Duchesse de G——, and the remarkable beauty of her face and figure, never appeared more captivating in my eyes than when I be-

held her to-day, evincing such good nature to the youthful page and his mother and sister; and I saw by their eyes, when they took leave of her, that she sent away grateful hearts.

*July 1830.*—Indisposition has interrupted my journal for several weeks, and idleness has prolonged the chasm. The noting down the daily recurrence of uninteresting events is as dull as the endurance of them.

If reports may be credited we are on the eve of some popular commotion in France, and the present ministers are said to be either ignorant of the danger that menaces, or unprepared to meet it. The conquest of Algiers has produced much less exultation in the people than might have naturally been expected; and this indifference to an event calculated to gratify the *amour propre* which forms so peculiar a characteristic of the nation, is considered a bad sign by those who affect to be acquainted with the people. I have so often heard rumours of discontent and revolts, that I have grown incredulous, and I think and hope the French are too wise to try any dangerous experiments.

*26th July.*—This morning General E—— came to breakfast with us, and announced that the ordonnances were yesterday signed in council at St. Cloud. This good man and brave soldier expressed the liveliest regret at this rash

measure, and the utmost alarm at the consequences likely to result from it. Is Charles the Tenth ignorant of the actual state of things in Paris, and of the power of public opinion? or does he hope to vanquish the resistance likely to be offered to this act? I hope his majesty may not acquire this knowledge when it has become too late to derive advantage from it.

The unpopularity of the present ministry, and above all of its leader, the Prince Polignac, is surprising, when one considers how estimable his private character is, and that theirs are irreproachable. They are rendered responsible for the will of the sovereign, who, if report speak truth, is very pertinacious in exacting a rigid fulfilment of it whenever it is exercised.

The present are not times to try experiments how far the will of a monarch can be pushed; and it is not in France, as in England, where our law supposes that a king can do no wrong, for the French are prone to pay no more respect to sovereigns than to their supposed advisers, and both may suffer a heavy penalty for incurring the dislike of the people.

The prosperity of France, which is acknowledged by all, has failed to silence the murmurs of discontent which, loud and deep, are heard everywhere save in the palace—too frequently the last place where public opinion gets an im-



partial hearing. The success of the Algerine expedition has buoyed up the confidence of the ministry in their own strength; but, if I may credit what I hear, it has by no means really added to it.

Concessions too long delayed come with a bad grace, when at length extorted, and the change of ministry factiously demanded, even if complied with, would have placed the sovereign in anything but a dignified position. The dissolution of the Chambers in March, after a session of only ten days, might be considered as a demonstration of discontent on the part of the monarch, as well as a want of power of quelling the spirit that evoked it.

A circumstance, trivial in itself, added to this unpopularity, which was, that several of the deputies were on their route to Paris when the unexpected intelligence of the dissolution reached them, and they could not pardon the expense to which they had been put by this unnecessary *frais de route*, their places in the diligence being paid for. How frequently do trifles exercise a powerful influence over grave affairs!

The portion of the public press that advocate the defence of the government is even more injudicious than that which assail it; and the monarchy has decidedly suffered in general opinion by the angry excitement produced by the re-

crimination of both parties. The prosecutions entered into against the editors of the liberal papers are considered by the party to which they belong to be persecutions; and the sentiments avowed by the *Gazette de France* are received as those of not only the government but of the sovereign. The discussions occasioned by these prosecutions, as well as by the principles of monarchical absolutism maintained by the adverse party, have greatly extended the ranks of the liberals, who, looking on the editors who expound or promulgate their opinions as martyrs, become more exasperated against their opponents, and more reckless in the modes likely to be adopted for marking their disapprobation.

27th.—On returning from a late drive last night we passed near the hôtel of the Minister *des Finances*, around which some fifty or sixty persons, chiefly youths, were assembled, crying out "*Vive la charte!*" "*A bas les ministres!*" A patrol passed close to these persons, but made no attempt to disperse them, which I think, was rather unwise, for, encouraged by this impunity, their numbers, I am told, increased rapidly.

I have just heard that the post of *gen-d'armes* was tripled this morning, and that a crowd of persons have assembled around the hôtel of the

Prince Polignac, where a cabinet council was held. It is said that the ministers were insulted as they entered. This looks ill; nevertheless, I trust that it is nothing more than a demonstration of the spirit that is rife in the people, and that no more violent ones will be resorted to. The visitors I have seen to-day seem much alarmed.

The Duc de Guiche set off for St. Cloud yesterday morning, the moment he had read the ordonnances. Had his counsel been listened to, they would never have been promulgated, for he is one of the few who, with a freedom from prejudice that enables him to judge dispassionately of the actual state of public opinion, has the moral courage to declare the truth to his sovereign, however unpalatable that truth might be, or however prejudicial to his own interests.

I have this moment returned from a drive through the streets, and, though far from being an alarmist, I begin to think that affairs wear a more serious aspect than I dreaded. Already has a collision taken place between the populace and the soldiers, who attempted to disperse them near the Palais Royal; and it required the assistance of a charge of cavalry to secure the dangerous victory to themselves.

Crowds were hurrying through the streets, many of the shops were closed, and not above

three or four carriages were to be seen. Never did so great a change take place in the aspect of a city in so few hours! Yesterday the business of life flowed on in its usual current. The bees and the drones of this vast hive were buzzing about, and the butterflies of fashion were expanding their gay wings in the sunshine. To-day the industrious and orderly seem frightened from their usual occupations, and scarcely a person of those termed fashionable is to be seen.

Where are all the household of Charles the Tenth, that vast and well-paid crowd who were wont to fill the ante-rooms of the Tuileries on gala days, obsequiously watching to catch a nod from the monarch, whose slightest wish was to them as the laws of the Medes and Persians? Can it be that they have disappeared at the first cloud that has darkened the horizon of their sovereign, and increased the danger that menaces him by showing that they have not courage to meet it? Heaven send, for the honour of France, that the *noblesse* of the court of Charles the Tenth may not follow the disgraceful example furnished by that of his unfortunate brother, Louis the Sixteenth! In England how different would it be if danger menaced the sovereign!

— has just been here, and, in answer to my question of where are the men on whose fidelity

the king could count, and in whose military experience he might confide in such a crisis as the present, he told me that for the purposes of election interests all the general officers who could be trusted had unfortunately been sent from the court.

The sound of firing has announced that order, far from being restored, seems less likely than ever to be so. People are rushing wildly through the streets proclaiming that several persons have been killed by the military. All is confusion and alarm, and every one appears to dread what the coming night may produce.

Intelligence has just reached us that the mob are demolishing the lanterns, and that they have broken into the shops of the gunsmith's, and seized all the arms they could find. The Duc de Raguse commands the troops, and already several charges have taken place. This selection, under present circumstances, is not considered to be a good one.

The people are forming barricades in various parts of the town, and some of our servants, who have been out to collect intelligence, assert that no hindrance seems to be opposed to this mischievous measure. Where are the civil authorities during all this commotion? is the natural question that suggests itself to one who knows how in London, under any disturbance,

they would oppose themselves to check such proceedings. And why, if the civil authorities are too weak to resist the torrent, is there not a sufficient military force to stem it? is the next question that presents itself. No one seems to know where the blame lies, but every one foretells a dangerous result from this unaccountable state of things.

The promulgation of the ordonnances, which has led to this tumult, ought to have been accompanied by a display of force sufficient to maintain their enactment. If a government *will* try the hazardous measure of a *coup d'état*, it ought to be well prepared to meet the probable consequences.

I feel so little disposed to sleep that, instead of seeking my pillow, I occupy myself by noting down my impressions, occasionally look-out of my window to catch the sounds that break the stillness of the night. The heat is intense, but the sky is as pure and cloudless as if it canopied a calm and slumbering multitude instead of a waking and turbulent one, filled with the most angry emotions.

Comtes d'Orsay and Valeski have just returned, and state that they have been as far as the Place de la Bourse, where they saw a scene of the utmost confusion. The populace had assembled there in great force, armed with

every kind of weapon they could obtain, their arms bared up to the shoulders, and the whole of them presenting the most wild and motley appearance imaginable. They had set fire to the Corps de Garde, the flames of which spread a light around as bright as day. Strange to say, the populace evinced a perfect good-humour, and more resembled a mob met to celebrate a saturnalia than to subvert a monarchy.

Comtes d'O—— and V—— were recognised by some of the people, who seemed pleased at seeing them. On returning, they passed through the Rue de Richelieu, which they found in total darkness, all the lanterns having been broken. Comte d'O—— luckily found his cabriolet in the Rue de Menars, where he had left it, not being able to take it farther, owing to a portion of the pavement being broken up, and had only time to reach the club-house in the Rue de Gramont, in the court of which he placed his cab, before the populace rushed by, destroying every thing they met, among which was the carriage of the Prince Tufiakín. A considerable number of the members of the club were assembled, a few of whom witnessed, from the balcony on the Boulevard, the burning of the chairs placed there, the breaking of the lamps, and other depredations.

Some gentlemen went to the battalion of the guards stationed in front of the Prince Polignac's and suggested to the officer in command the propriety of sending a few men to arrest the progress of the insurgents, a thing then easily to be accomplished; but the officer, having no orders, declined to take any step, and the populace continued their depredations within three hundred yards of so imposing a force as a battalion of the guards!

What may not to-morrow's sun witness, ere it goes down? But conjecture is vain in a crisis in which every thing appears to go on in a mode so wholly unaccountable. The exhibition of a powerful force might, and would, I am persuaded, have precluded the collision that has occurred between the populace and the military. Blood has been shed on both sides, and this has rendered the breach between people and sovereign too wide to be repaired except by something almost miraculous, and alas! the time of miracles is past.

I cannot help wondering at the calmness I feel on this occasion. I experience no personal alarm; but I am apprehensive for my friends, some or whom are deeply interested in this struggle. How may their destinies, lately so brilliant, be overclouded by the change that menaces to take place!



Well may Monsieur Salvandy have observed at the ball so recently given by the Duc of Orléans to the royal families of France and Naples, "This may be termed a Neapolitan *fête*, for they are dancing over a volcano."

## CHAPTER X.

The Dead paraded through the Streets to inflame the Populace—  
 The Shops closed—The Duc de Raguse censured—His Supineness—Devotion of the Duc de Guiche to his Sovereign—  
 The Military Dispositions defective—Flag of the Bourbons—  
 Troops in Want of Refreshment—Destruction of the Royal Emblems—Disgusting Exhibition—Rumours of Fresh Disasters—Opinion of Sir Roger de Coverley—Revolutions the Carnivals of History—Observation of Voltaire—Doctors Pasquier and de Guise—Report of Fire-arms—Paucity of Provisions—Female Courage—Domestic Entrenchment—Further Hostilities—Conflicting Rumours—The Sublime and the Ridiculous—Juvenile Intrepidity—Fatality—The Soldiers and the Populace—Visit to Madame Craufurd—Barricade in the Rue Verte—Approaching Mob—Safe Arrival in the Rue d'Anjou—Terror of Madame Craufurd—Her Anxiety for her Relatives—Composure of the Marquis d'Aligre—Riotous Assembly in the Rue Verte—Their conduct towards the Author—Dangerous Symbol of Aristocracy—Arrival at Home.

ALL now seems quiet, so I will go to bed. Heaven only knows if to-morrow night we may be allowed to seek our pillows in safety.

28th.—My *femme de chambre* undrew my curtains this morning, “with such a face—so faint, so spiritless, so dull, so dead in look, so

woe-begone"—proclaiming that barricades had been erected during the night, and that the bodies of those killed in the encounter yesterday have been paraded through the streets in order to excite still more the angry feelings of the people. This last measure reminds one of the appalling exhibitions in the fearful and memorable Revolution of former days; and the reminiscences it awakens are not calculated to tranquilize the mind.

She states that the shops are all closed, and that no provisions can be obtained; the cook complains that his stockpots want replenishing; and the *femme de charge* hints that the larder is not so well supplied as it would have been had she known what was to occur. Each and all of these functionaries seem wholly occupied by the dread of not being able to furnish us with as copious repasts as usual, unmindful that a mighty throne is tottering to its foundation, and that a struggle is going on in which many lives may be sacrificed.

The Duc de Raguse has incurred great blame for his intercourse with the supposed leaders of the Revolution. This conduct has had the effect of destroying the confidence of the troops in their chief, and of weakening their attachment to the cause they were to support. The Maréchal was the Commandant appointed by the

King, and as such, bound to treat as rebels those who opposed themselves to his government; instead of which, he seemed more like the *confident* of a party who, it is alleged, owe their victory to his supineness.

The Duc de Guiche has not left his post near the royal family, since the 26th, except to pass and repass with instructions from the King to the Duc de Raguse, twice or thrice a-day. He has been repeatedly recognised by the people, though in plain clothes, and experienced at their hands the respect so well merited by his honourable conduct and devotion to his sovereign. How often have I heard this noble-minded man censured for encouraging the liberal sentiments of the Dauphin; and heard this, too, from some of those who are now the first to desert Charles the Tenth in the emergency which is the result of the system they advocated!

—— has been here; he tells me that to Marshal Marmont the king has confided unlimited power, and that Paris has been declared in a state of siege.

He says that the military dispositions are so defective, that there is not a young officer in the army capable of committing a similar mistake. The regiments are crowded into narrow streets, in which even children may become dangerous enemies, by throwing from the windows every

missile within their reach on the heads of the soldiers. He is of opinion that, in twenty-four hours, the populace will be in possession of Paris. The tri-coloured flag is now floating from the Towers of Notre Dame; while the white flag of the luckless Bourbons, as often stained by the faithlessness of its followers, as by the blood of its foes, still waves from the column of the Place Vendôme—that column erected to commemorate the glory of the great chief now calmly sleeping in his ocean-washed grave.

The civil authorities seem paralyzed: the troops have been twelve hours on duty without any refreshment, except that afforded by the humanity of the people, who have brought them wine and bread; can it be hoped that these same soldiers will turn their arms against those who have supplied their necessities?

The royal emblems are destroyed wherever they are found, and the bust of the king has been trampled on. The disgusting exhibition of the dead bodies has had the bad effect calculated upon, and all is tumult and disorder. Every one wonders where are the authorities, and why a sufficient military force does not appear, for there has been ample time, since the disposition to insurrection manifested by the people, to assemble the troops.

Every visitor, and, notwithstanding the disturbed state of Paris, we have already had several to-day, announces some fresh disaster, each representing it according to the political creed to which he adheres. The Royalists assert that the outbreak is the result of a long and grave conspiracy, fomented by those who expect to derive advantage from it; while the Liberals maintain that it has arisen spontaneously and simultaneously from the wounded spirit of liberty, lashed into a frenzied resistance by the ordonnances. I pretend not to know which of these statements is the most correct; but I believe that the favourite opinion of the worthy Sir Roger de Coverley, that "much could be said on both sides of the question," might now fairly be urged; for, according to the march of events, it is but too probable that the melodrama now enacting before our eyes has not been an improptu; and it is quite clear that the ordonnances have furnished the occasion, and the excuse (if such were required), for the performance.

Well might a great Italian writer pronounce revolutions to be the carnivals of history. This one seems to be not only a carnival but Saturnalia, for the ebriety of the slaves of liberty is well calculated to disgust the friends; and those who witness this intoxication are reminded of

the observations of Voltaire, that “*Les Français goutent de la liberté comme des liqueurs fortes avec lesquelles ils s’enivrent.*” A revolution effected by physical instead of moral force, is a grave wound inflicted on social order and civilization—a wound which it takes ages to heal.

When on the point of sitting down to our *déjeuner à la fourchette* (for people will eat while thrones are crumbling), repeated knockings at the *porte-cochere* induced us to look from the window in order to see who the persons were who thus loudly demanded admittance, when it was discovered that they were Doctors Pasquier and De Guise. They had been dressing the wounded at the hospital in the Faubourg du Roule, and finding on their return that the Champs Elysées and Rue St. Honoré were the scenes of combat, had bethought themselves of our vicinity, and sought shelter. When our unexpected visitants, deeming themselves fortunate in having found a refuge, prepared to join our repast, it was ludicrous to observe the lengthened faces of our servants at this addition to our party. They, having previously lamented the paucity of provisions in the larder, and being aware of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of procuring a further supply, looked on the new-comers as

interlopers, who would inevitably diminish the already too limited stock.

We had not been seated above five minutes at table, when the report of fire-arms announced that hostilities were renewed, and we hurried to the drawing-room to observe what was going on. The servants looked as if they rather enjoyed the interruption to the morning's meal, thinking no doubt that it would preserve the provisions, now so precious in their eyes, and they prepared to remove the viands with unusual alacrity; but their visages lengthened when told to let them remain on the table, and became still longer when we shortly after resumed our places at the board.

An Englishwoman, in the kitchen establishment, has just performed a feat that has elevated her into a heroine in the eyes of the rest of the servants. Finding the larder not sufficiently supplied, she sallied forth into the street, passed through the Rue St. Honoré, while the fighting was going on, and returned bearing a basket of meat, obtained certainly at the risk of her life, as shots were flying around her. As none of the men offered to undertake this action, she is now considered little less than an amazon, and her *amour propre* being excited by the commendations bestowed on her courage, she de-



clares that she will go forth for all that may be required, as she despises fear.

We have now entrenched ourselves in the front drawing-rooms, with the external shutters, which are stuffed to exclude noise, closed, but which we open occasionally, in order to see what is going on. Sitting in darkness, with the sound of firing, and the shouts of the people, continually in our ears, I can hardly bring myself to think that all that is now passing is not a dream.

The populace, ten minutes ago, rushed from the Rue St. Honoré towards the Champs Elysées, assailing the troops stationed in the latter place; and were in turn assailed by these last, and forced to retreat to the Rue St. Honoré. The scene was one of the utmost confusion.

The firing is going on; stragglers are rushing to and fro; a body of troops are stationed at the bottom of this street, and some pieces of cannon have been placed. A thousand rumours are afloat, each more improbable than the other. One moment it is announced that several regiments have fraternized with the people; another, that the royal family have fled to Belgium; the next, that Paris is to be fired by the insurgents: but it would be impossible to repeat one-half the wild rumours in circulation.

There is a mixture of the sublime and of the

ridiculous in the scenes now passing before my eyes that is quite extraordinary. Looking from my window, twenty minutes ago, I saw a troop of boys, amounting to about fifty, the eldest of whom could not be more than ten or eleven years old, and some who appeared under that age, march through our streets, with wooden swords, and lances pointed with sharp nails, flags flying, and crying, "*Vive la charte! Vive la liberté!*" The gravity and intrepidity of these *gamins de Paris* would, at any other period, have elicited a smile; but now, this demonstration on the part of mere children creates the reflection of how profound and general must be the sympathy enlisted against the government and the sovereign in the hearts of the people.

Many are those who, like their children, shout "*Vive la charte!*" and "*Vive la liberté!*" who are as ignorant of the true sense and value of both as they are. Well might the victim, when being led to execution in the days of the past revolution in France, exclaim, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

One of our servants has this moment informed me that the children, whose warlike demeanour I was disposed to smile at an hour ago, have rendered (*not* the state, but the popular cause) some service. The troops, more amused than surprised at the appearance of these mimic

soldiers, suffered them to approach closer than prudence warranted; and the urchins, rushing among the horses, wounded several of the poor animals severely, and effected their retreat before the soldiers were aware of what had occurred.

A fatality seems to prevail in the present crisis that is little less than marvellous. A want of provisions for the troops is now added to the catalogue of excitements against the cause of royalty. Harassed by the repeated attacks of the populace, and exhausted by long exposure to the intense heat of a burning sun, they are little prone to consider as enemies those who approach them with food to allay the pangs of hunger, and drink to cool their scorching thirst. —, and others who have mingled with the crowd, tell me that they have beheld repeated examples of soldiers throwing down their arms, to embrace those who came to seduce them with the most irresistible of all seductions—refreshment, when they were nearly exhausted by the want of it.

I shall begin to consider myself half a heroine, after an exploit I performed this evening. The men who shared our dinner having gone out to observe what was passing, I determined, *coute qui coute*, to pay a visit to my friend Madame Craufurd. I attired myself as simply as possi-

ble, and, attended by a *valet de pied*, sallied forth. Having traversed the short distance that separates this house from the Rue St. Honoré, I arrived at the barricade erected in front of the entrance to the Rue Verte, and I confess this obstacle seemed to me, for the first minute or two that I contemplated it, insurmountable. My servant, too, expressed his belief of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of climbing over this mountain of loose stones, that I felt half disposed to retrace my steps.

The shouts of a mob approaching along the Rue St. Honoré quickly decided me on the course to pursue; I clambered up as best I could, not without considerable risk; nor was the danger and difficulty of the descent on the other side of this rude pyramid less imminent. The evening was more sultry than I ever experienced an evening to be, even in Italy; the houses were all closed, the streets deserted, except when a few occasional stragglers rushed along, glancing at me with surprise, and uttering their comments on my courage. Now and then a dog ran by, with a terrified air and drooping tail, keeping close to the houses as if for protection. One might have fancied oneself in some city ravaged by the plague, and the burning heat of the atmosphere, and lurid red

of the clouds, might have strengthened the notion.

It more than once occurred to me how singular it was for me, a woman and a stranger, to find myself with only one attendant in the streets, on foot, in a city declared to be in a state of siege, and with the noise of firing in the distance, and the shouts of the populace, continually breaking on my ears.

Having passed the Rue de la Ville l'Eveque, and entered the Rue d'Anjou, I soon reached the *porte-cochere* of my friend. My servant knocked, and very loudly, but before the Swiss porter would open the door, he reconnoitred from the window in the *entresol* of his lodge. He could hardly credit his eyes when he saw me; and while he unbolted and unchained the door, an operation which took him more time than I thought necessary, I could hear him muttering that, "*Les dames Anglaises n'ont peur de rien, positivement rien.*" I was not sorry when I heard the massive door closed after me, with its bolts and chains again secured; but, as I crossed the courtyard, the different aspect of the house, with its closed windows, reminded me so forcibly of the change that had occurred since my last visit, only three days previously, that I felt more agitated than while traversing the streets.

When I entered the drawing-room, in which a large circle were assembled, Madame Craufurd, though the servants announced my name, could hardly believe I was indeed come. She wept bitterly while embracing me, and observed on the hardship of a person so aged as herself being called on to witness two revolutions. All the horrors of the first are recalled vividly to her mind, and her terror of what may occur is proportioned to what she remembers to have formerly taken place. Nothing seemed to pacify her terror so much as the fact of my having been permitted to pass unmolested to her house, though she considered me little less than insane to have undertaken the task.

“For myself,” said Madame C——, “I have little fear, (though her blanched cheek and trembling hand told another story,) but for those dearer to me than life, what have I not to dread? You who know the chivalrous sentiments of the Duc de Guiche, and the attachment entertained by him and my grand-daughter for the royal family, will understand how much I have to dread for them from the vengeance which their devotion to their sovereign may draw on their heads. *They* are not, as you are aware, time-servers, like so many others, who will desert their king in his hour of need. No; they will brave death, I am assured, rather than for-

sake in adversity those whose prosperity they shared.”

The Marquis d’Aligre, one of, if not the, richest landed proprietors in France, was among the circle at Madame Craufurd’s, and evinced no little composure and courage in the circumstances in which we found ourselves. He joined me in endeavouring to soothe her fears; and probably the fact of his having so immense a stake to risk in the crisis now taking place, added not a little weight to the arguments he urged to quiet her alarms. When people have so much to lose, their calmness has an imposing effect; and the rhetoric of the most accomplished orator would have probably been less successful than was the composed manner of the Marquis d’Aligre, in restoring the wonted courage of our amiable hostess.

When I rose to take leave, Madame C—— tried all her efforts to persuade me to remain to sleep at her house, and I had no little difficulty to escape from her importunity. She would fain send all her men servants to escort me home, and the Marquis d’Aligre also pressingy offered his services; but I was obstinate in my refusal to allow any one to accompany me, being convinced that there was even less danger in proceeding with a single servant than more numerousy attended. I tore myself from

the embraces of Madame C——, whose tears flowed afresh and bedewed my cheeks, and I once more passed through the courtyard, followed to the porter's lodge by the *dames de compagnie*, *femmes de chambre*, and *valets de chambre*, wondering at my courage, offering up their prayers for my safety, and proclaiming that only an Englishwoman would have faced such danger. The old Swiss porter would not risk opening the gate until he had assured himself, from the window, that the coast was clear, and closed it so rapidly when I had passed it as almost to have endangered my heels.

On returning, I found a cord drawn across the street in front of the barrack in the Rue Verte, and some forty or fifty ill-dressed and riotous men assembled, half-a-dozen of whom held the cord. Having approached close to it, I paused, and, looking calmly at those who held it, I appealed by looks to their politeness. Some of them laughed aloud, and asked me if I could not leap over the barrier that impeded my progress, drawing the rope still higher while they spoke. I answered, though I trembled at being exposed to their rude mirth, and still more rude gaze, "That I felt sure Frenchmen would not compel me to such an unfeminine exertion, or give me cause to tell my compatriots, when I returned to England,



that deference to women no longer existed in France."

"Let her pass! let her pass!" exclaimed nearly all the voices of the group; "she is courageous, and she speaks rightly. *Vive les Anglaises! Vive les Anglaises!*" and the cord was instantly lowered to the ground, and I hastily stepped over it, glad to get out of hearing of the rough compliments bestowed on me.

My servant had attempted to address them before I spoke, but they one and all assailed him with a torrent of reproach, demanding if he was not ashamed to wear a livery, the badge of servitude, when all his countrymen were fighting for their liberty. I had again to clamber over the barricade, assisted by my servant, and, before I could cross the Rue St. Honoré, encountered various groups of men rushing along, all of whom uttered such invectives against my footman that I determined not again to go out attended by this symbol of aristocracy.

On reaching my home, the porter observed, with a self-complacency his prudence could not conceal, that he "knew Madame la Comtesse had nothing to dread from the people, they were brave and *bons enfans*, and would not injure a lady;"—a commendation that clearly indicated the state of his feelings.

## CHAPTER XI.

Familiarity of French Servants—Power of the People—Misguided Men—Further Rumours—Who are the People?—An Intruder—A Revolutionary Hero—The Tuilleries and the Louvre taken—Sir Thomas Lawrence's Portrait of the Dauphin—The Terrible and the Comic—Trophies of Victory—The Palace of the Archbishop of Paris sacked—Concessions of Charles the Tenth—The Duchesse de Berri—Lord Stuart de Rothesay—Noble Conduct—The Duchesse de Guiche—Her trying Situation—The Provisional Government—The Tri-coloured Flag—Meeting of the Deputies—Bitter Feelings towards the Royal Family—Bravery of the Populace—Lafayette and his Followers—Scene in the Street—"The Good Cause"—The wealthy M. Laffitte—Valuable Collections at Paris—Courageous Conduct of the Duchesse de Guiche—The Champions—Attack on the Hotel of the Duc de Guiche—Comte Alfred d'Orsay—Painful Position.

I HAVE observed a striking change in the manners of the servants during the last three days. They are more familiar, without, however, evincing the least insolence; their spirits seem unusually exhilarated, and they betray an interest in the struggle in which the people are engaged that leaves no doubt as to the side that excites their sympathy. Every rumour of the success of the insurgents is repeated by them with ill-suppressed animation and pleasure, and

the power of the people is exaggerated far beyond the bounds of truth. I confess this folly on their part annoys me, and the more especially as the class to which they belong are totally incapacitated by ignorance from being able to comprehend even the causes alleged for this popular outbreak.

Misguided men! can the hope that servitude will be lightened by their being employed by some *parvenus*, elevated from the dregs of the people by a revolution which sets floating to the top the worst ingredients of the reeking caldron from which it is formed, instead of owning the more gentle and infinitely less degrading sway of those born to, and accustomed to rule?

Comte —— and —— have just come in, and report that the last story current is, that fifty thousand men from Rouen are marching to Paris to espouse the cause of the *people*. They say there is no end to the desertions among the troops.

The people—the people! I hear of nothing but the people; but those who speak of them as all and everything, seem to me to mistake the populace for the people, yet surely the words are not synonymous. The people, according to my acceptation of the word, are the sober and respectable portion of the community of all countries, including the husbandmen who till the

earth, and the artisans who fabricate the objects applicable to our positive wants, and superfluous luxuries. How different are these from the populace who filled the streets shouting for liberty, by which they mean license; fighting for a charter of the real meaning of which they are ignorant; and rendering themselves the blind instruments by which a revolution is to be accomplished, that will leave them rather worse off than it found them; for when did those who profit by such events remember with gratitude the tools by which it was effected?

*Thursday.*—Repeated knocking at the gate drew me to the window ten minutes ago. The intruder presented a strange mixture of the terrible and the ridiculous, the former predominating. Wearing only his shirt and trousers, both stained with gore, and the sleeves of the former turned up nearly to the shoulder, a crimson handkerchief was bound round his head, and another encircled his waist. He brandished a huge sword with a black leather string wound round his wrist, with one hand, while with the other he assailed the knocker. Hearing the window opened, he looked up, and exclaimed, “Ah! madame, order the gate to be opened, that I may lay at the feet of my generous master the trophies I have won with this trusty sword,” waving the said sword over his head, and point-

ing to a pair of silver-mounted pistols and a sabre that he had placed on the ground while he knocked at the gate.

I recognised in this man a helper in the stables of Comte A. d'Orsay, of whom it had a short time previously been reported to us, that when a party of the populace had attempted to force the gate of the stable offices, which are situated in the Rue Verte, and the English grooms and coachman were in excessive alarm, this man presented himself at the window sword in hand, declaring that he, though engaged in the same cause as themselves, would defend, to the last moment of his life, the horses of his master, and the Englishmen whom he considered to be under his protection. This speech elicited thunders of applause from the crowd, who retreated, leaving the alarmed servants, whose protector he had avowed himself, impressed with the conviction that he is little short of a hero.

This man—these same servants, only a few days ago, looked on as the stable drudge, who was to perform all the dirty work, while they, attired in smart liveries, and receiving triple the wages given to him, were far more ornamental than useful in the establishment of their employer. They offered him money as a reward for his spirited conduct (the English of all classes,

but more especially of that to which they appertain, think that money pays all manner of debts), but he indignantly refused the proffered gift. This revolutionary hero had been fighting for several hours to-day, and is said to have evinced a courage and enthusiasm that remind one of all we read of the spirit of the old Imperial Guard, when animated by the presence of their mighty chief.

— has just brought the intelligence, that the Tuilleries and the Louvre are taken by the people! Comte A. d'O— sent two of his servants (Brement, formerly drill-serjeant in the Guards, and now his porter, and Charles who was an hussar, and a brave soldier) to the Tuilleries to endeavour to save the portrait of the Dauphin by Sir Thomas Lawrence—an admirable picture. His instructions as to its *emplacement* were so correct, that the servants found it instantly, but torn in pieces, and the fragments strewn on the floor.

These men report that even in this feat a strange mixture of the terrible and the comic was exhibited, for *while* a dead body was placed on the throne of Charles the Tenth, some men appeared in the windows of the palace attired in the gold and silver tissue dresses of the Duchesse de Berri, with feathers and flowers in their heads, and fans in their

hands, which they waved to the multitude beneath, with all the coquettish airs and graces of *would-be-fine* ladies.

The busts of Charles the Tenth were broken and trampled upon; the wardrobes of the royal family were scattered, torn, and thrown among the people, who seemed to regard them only as trophies of the victory they had achieved, and not for their intrinsic value.

The palace of the Archbishop of Paris has been sacked, and every object in it demolished. — told me that the ribaldry and coarse jests of the mob on this occasion were disgusting beyond measure; and that they ceased not to utter the most obscene falsehoods, while they wreaked their vengeance on the property of this venerable prelate, against whom they can bring no charge, except the suspicion of jesuitical principles, and of having encouraged the king to issue the ordonnances.

— and — have just been here. They state that Charles the Tenth sent a deputation to the provisional government offering to withdraw the ordonnances, and to form a new ministry. The offer came too late, and was rejected. Concessions from the vanquished are seldom valued; and to offer terms to those who are now in the position to dictate them is as unavailing as it is undignified. — and — say that

the general opinion is, that if the Duchesse de Berri was now to present herself, with her son, to the people, her popularity, and his youth and innocence, would accomplish an event that would satisfy most parties; namely, the calling of the Duc de Bordeaux to the throne. The Duchesse de Berri has courage enough to take this step; what a pity it is that she has not wisdom enough to adopt it!

While the fighting was going on in the streets, — and — met our ambassador, Lord Stuart de Rothesay, walking along as usual. The secretaries and *attachés*, too, of the English embassy have been continually seen in places where their presence evinced more courage and curiosity than caution; but fear is, I firmly believe, an unknown guest in the breast of English gentlemen.

Comte — has just been here; he has been to the College of St. Barbe to take charge of the sons of the Duc de Guiche, in order to conduct them to the country; a service of no little danger, as all connected with the court, and known to be faithful to the royal family, are liable to be maltreated. How painful and trying a part is the Duc de Guiche now called on to act: compelled to leave his wife and family in a town in a state of siege, or to desert the monarch to whom he has sworn fealty! But he will per-



form it nobly; and if Charles the Tenth had many such men to rally round him in the present hour, his throne might still be preserved.

The Duchesse de Guiche, in the trying situation in which she finds herself, has displayed a courage worthy of olden times. The devotion of her husband and self to the royal family is so well known that their house has been a marked one during the last three days, the mob repeatedly stopping before the gate uttering cries and menaces. All her friends have urged her to leave Paris, and to remove with her children to the country, for she would not consent to seek an asylum with her grandmother or brother; urging, as a reason, that, in the absence of the Duc, she felt it her duty to remain, that her presence might induce the household to a more strict discharge of theirs, in protecting the property of the Dauphin.

—— and —— have been here, and have told us that the provisional government were installed in the Hôtel de Ville, General Lafayette at its head, and my old acquaintance Monsieur Alexandre de Laborde taking an active part. How all this is to end I cannot imagine; the cry for a republic, though strongly echoed, will, I think, be unavailing; and the reasonable part of the community cannot desire that it should be otherwise, inasmuch as the tyranny of the many

must ever be more insupportable than that of one, admitting that even a despotic monarchy could, in our day, exercise a tyranny which I am not disposed to admit.

The tri-coloured flag now floats on many of the churches, while that of the *Fleur-de-lis* still waves from the column in the Place Vendôme, on other public buildings, and the Tuilleries. What a strange state of things! but everything is strange in this eventful crisis.

—— has just been here, and reports that yesterday a meeting of the Deputies took place at the house of M. Casimir Perier, in order to consult on what measure they ought to pursue in the present state of affairs. He says, that pusillanimity, and want of decision consequent on it, marked the conduct of the assembly. They lost the time, so precious in a crisis like the actual one, in disputing about words, when deeds ought to have been had recourse to. They are accused of being influenced by a dread of offending the now tottering power, lest it should once more be solidly reinstated, and yet of being anxious to remain well with those opposed to it; and they are said to have temporized with both, allowing the time for serving either to have passed away.

A bitter feeling towards the royal family seems to pervade the minds of the populace;

and this has been fomented by the most gross and disgusting falsehoods dispensed around by the medium of obscene *brochures*, and songs which are sung and distributed through the streets. Even now beneath my window two men are offering, and crying aloud, the Amours of the Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Archbishop of Paris. The most spotless woman in France and the most devout man! The same hand that would pull down the throne would raze the altar!

—— and —— have been among the fighting, and report wonders of the bravery of the populace. They fight with an enthusiasm and courage worthy of a better cause, and have evinced a humanity to their wounded adversaries that elicits admiration even from those who are the most opposed to the cause they have espoused. The citizens, and the women too, have come forth from the sanctuaries of their dwellings to dress the wounds, and administer refreshment to the combatants, without distinction with regard to the side on which they were engaged.

This amalgamation of soldiers and people has been destructive to the cause of royalty, for the humanity experienced has induced the former to throw down their arms rather than use them against generous foes, and cries of “*Vive lu*

*Ligne!*” are often heard from those so lately opposed to it. All parties agree in stating that not a single example of pillage, except in the instances of the gunsmiths’ shops, has occurred. Various houses have been entered by the people for the purpose of firing from the windows; and, having effected their object, they have retired without taking a single article of the many tempting ones scattered around in these dwellings.

This revolution, if indeed the result should prove it to be such, will offer a striking contrast to that fearful one that has ever since left so black a stain on France, and Frenchmen. Heroic courage, great humanity, and a perfect freedom from cupidity, are the peculiar attributes that mark those who are now subverting the throne of the Bourbons; what a pity it is that such qualities should not have found a better cause for developing themselves!

29th.—The subject now circulated and believed is, that Lafayette and his followers have placed themselves at the head of the people. This rumour has quieted the fears of many, for his name exercises a great influence. The fighting is still going on, and the report of the guns comes booming on the ear continually.

Hearing a noise in the street ten minutes ago, I looked forth, and beheld some four or five

men covered with stains of blood, their faces blackened by gunpowder, and streaming with perspiration, endeavouring to draw away a piece of cannon, of which they had taken possession in the Champs Elysées. Hearing the opening of my window, they entreated me, if there were any men in the house, to send them to their assistance, in order to draw away the gun from the reach of the enemy. "And if there are no men," continued the speaker, "let the women come out and help us in the good cause." While they yet spoke, a party of soldiers were seen rushing to the rescue of the gun, and its temporary conquerors were compelled to make a rapid retreat towards the Rue St. Honoré.

The name of Mr. Laffitte is now mixed with that of Lafayette among the crowds in the streets, and has a great effect on them. His vast wealth, and the frequent and extensive aid it has afforded to the working classes, have rendered him one of, if not the most popular man in Paris; so that those most conversant with the actual state of affairs, pronounce that with Lafayette and Laffitte now rest the destiny of France. How strange is the alteration which has occurred within so short a space of time! Five days ago, Charles the Tenth reigned in the Tuilleries; at present, on Lafayette and Laffitte

it depends whether he ever enters his palace again! The tocsin is now sounding! How strangely, how awfully it strikes on the ear! All this appears like a dream.

The formation of a provisional government is to-day spoken of. The cry of "*Vive Napoleon!*" has been heard repeatedly shouted from one mass of people, while "*Vive la republique!*" has been as loudly vociferated by another. Various persons connected with both the royalist and popular party have been here to-day, so that I hear the opinions entertained by the adherents of both sides of the question. Which to credit I know not: there is but one point on which both agree, and that is in praising the bravery and forbearance of the people.

When I look around on the precious objects that cover the tables, consoles, and cabinets in the salon where I am now writing, and reflect that these same people are not only in arms, but I may say masters of the town, I cannot help wondering at their total avoidance of pillage when such rich booties might be so easily acquired. Perhaps there is no European city in which so many and such splendid collections of rare and precious articles are to be found, as at Paris. In England, our nobility possess equal treasures, but they are contained in their country seats; whereas it is in the Parisian

dwellings of the French noblesse, that their valuable possessions of rare objects are to be found, and at the present crisis, how soon could an armed mass seize them!

*28th.*—The Duchesse de Guiche was exposed to considerable danger to-day, and evinced a courage nearly allied to temerity in speaking her sentiments on the occasion. Alarmed for the safety of her eldest son, she was proceeding to his college in search of him, when she was stopped by a vast crowd of people assembled around the house of one of the tradespeople of the royal family, over whose door were the arms of France.

The frightened tradesman was in the act of removing this badge, of which only a few days previously he had been so proud, when the duchesse, seeing him so employed, remarked aloud, that “after having so often solicited permission to place the royal arms over his door, he ought to have had the courage to defend them.” The populace, enraged at this reproof, hissed and yelled; but seeing that she remained unmoved, the greater number cheered her, exclaiming, “that young woman is as courageous as she is beautiful; let us show her that we know how to value courage, and protect her to her home.” They placed themselves around

her, and with every mark of respect escorted her to the gate of her dwelling.

A person among the crowd who witnessed this incident, told me that never had he seen the Duchesse de Guiche look so dazzlingly beautiful, as when she was reproving the tradesman—her tall and majestic figure elevated even above its usual height by the indignation she experienced at the insult offered to the royal family, to whom in these their days of trial, she is even more chivalrously devoted than when they reigned with undisputed sway, and thousands of those who now desert, professed to worship them.

Before the duchesse regained her abode, she encountered several skirmishing parties in the streets who were absolutely fighting, and probably owed her safety to the protection afforded her by those whom her courage had won to be her champions.

The intelligence reached us two hours ago, that the populace had attacked the hotel of the Duc de Guiche, and placed two pieces of cannon before the gate. My terror may more easily be imagined than described, for the duchesse and her youngest children are in the house, and the duc is with the royal family. I hardly knew whether to be thankful or sorry, that her brother Count Alfred d'Orsay was not at home when



this news reached us, for he would certainly have proceeded to her house, and would probably have, by his presence and interference, rendered her danger still greater.

Fearful of compromising the safety of her children, the duchesse left the hotel by another gate, opening into the Rue de Montaigne, and is, I trust, ere this, safe on her route to St. Germain, where her father-in-law, the Duc de Gramont, has a residence.

How like a troubled dream all this appears! Would that it were but a dream, and that those whom I so much love, were not exposed to pay dearly for their fidelity to a sovereign, whose measures their enlightened minds are the last to approve, but whose misfortunes, if they cannot ameliorate, they will at least share!

I know not a more painful position than that of the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, at the present moment. With highly cultivated minds and liberal opinions, possessing a knowledge of the world, and of the actual state of public opinion in France, they must be aware of the utter hopelessness of the cause in which they find themselves embarked, yet such is their chivalrous sentiments of honour, that they will sacrifice everything rather than abandon those whose prosperity they have partaken, and thus

incur all the penalty of the acts of a government whose policy they did not approve. Had Charles the Tenth many such devoted adherents, he would not find himself deserted in his hour of need.

## CHAPTER XII.

Sanctuary of Home—Madame C—— —Intoxicated Revolutionist—His Good Nature—The Proprietor of a Wine-Shop—Politeness of all Classes in France—Barrack in the Rue Verte—Difficulty of obtaining Admission—Agitation of Madame C—— —Comte Valeski—The Barracks attacked and taken—Dangerous Route—Impassible Gulf between the Sovereign and the People—The Royal Cause hopeless—A Fine Youth killed—Reflections on his Death—Number of Persons killed during the last Three Days—Details of a Battle—Rumour respecting the Dauphin—Interment of the Page—Fatality attending the Bourbons—Absence of the Dauphine—Revolt of the Troops—The Duchesse de Guiche at St. Germain—Her noble Bearing—The Duc de Gramont—The Chateau du Val, the Residence of the Princesse de Poix—The Fugitive Duchesse—Popularity of Lafayette—The Duc d'Orleans named Lieut.-General of France—Order restored—Abdication of Charles the Tenth—Renewed Excitement—Clamours against the King—A Fickle People—Wicked Rumours—The King quits Rambouillet—School of Adversity—Desertion by Friends—Route to Cherbourg

I HAVE but just returned from the Rue d'Anjou, and now that I find myself once more within the sanctuary of my home, I am surprised at my own courage in having ventured to pass through the streets, and *alone*, too, at such a moment. I do not think I should have risked it, had I not known how much my excellent

friend Madame C—— stood in need of consolation, after having seen her grandchildren and great grandchildren driven from their late peaceful and happy dwelling, uncertain when she may behold them again, as they have determined on not forsaking the royal family.

I had ascended nearly to the top of the barricade at the entrance of the Rue Verte when a head and shoulders rose from the opposite side so suddenly as to alarm me not a little. My trepidation was infinitely increased when I discovered that the individual to whom the said head and shoulders appertained, was in a state of extreme intoxication, and when with rolling eyes, flushed cheeks, and thick articulation he addressed me with a familiarity, yet good nature, that I would most willingly have dispensed with.

“Give me your hand, *ma belle*, fear nothing, I am one of the *bons enfans* of the revolution, take my arm and no one will molest you. We *les braves, des braves*, wage no war against woman; *au contraire*, we love the pretty creatures. Here take my hand, and I will assist you over the barricades.”

Suiting his action to the word, he extended his hand towards me, and reaching forward lost his equilibrium and rolled over; at which moment, the proprietor of a wine shop at the corner

of the Rue Verte came to my assistance, and leading me through his house, opened a door on the other side of the barricade, through which I hastily passed, he civilly offering to open the same door when I returned if I would knock at it. And here, *en passant*, let me render justice to the politeness I have invariably experienced from all classes of men, and on all occasions, in France—a politeness so general that I should be ungrateful if I did not record it.

When I passed the barrack in the Rue Verte, it was in the possession of the people, who had seized it by the right of conquest an hour or two previously. Proud of the achievement, they were looking out of the windows, shouting, singing the Marseillaise, embracing each other, and proclaiming that they were *les bons enfans*, &c. They paid me many homely compliments as I passed, but not a single indelicate allusion escaped their lips; and I hurried on, not meeting a human being until I entered the courtyard of Madame C——’s hotel, into which I found considerable difficulty to penetrate, owing to the extreme caution of her Swiss porter, who seemed to think it very dangerous to open even the little door to admit me.

I found dear, good Madame C—— depressed and agitated. I rejoiced to find that she was ignorant of the scene that took place between

her grand-daughter and the populace, for a knowledge of it would have served to increase her alarm. She was surrounded by the usual circle of *habitués*, who endeavoured in vain to calm her fears, but my presence re-assured her a little, and Count Valeski, who came in soon after, succeeded in mitigating her terror. Having witnessed the horrors of the former revolution, it is no wonder she should tremble at the thoughts of another, and she looks on my calmness and courage as little short of heroism.

I remained a couple of hours with her, and having resisted all her persuasions to induce me to stay all night, I left the Rue d'Anjou, and had reached the Rue Verte, when I heard the report of guns, and saw a party of soldiers attacking the barracks, out of the windows of which the people, who had taken forcible possession of it some hours before, were firing on their assailants. I retraced my steps as hastily as possible, fear lending swiftness to my feet, and returned to the Rue de Matignon by the Faubourg du Roule and the Rue St. Honoré. Our trusty porter, having heard the shots, and knowing they proceeded from the *quartier* through which my route lay, was much alarmed for my safety, and evinced great pleasure when he saw me safe again within the portal under his charge, while I congratulated myself on

having once more proved my friendship to my dear old friend, by a personal exertion entailing no more disagreeable consequences than a temporary alarm.

—— and —— have just been here: they say that it is reported that a negotiation has been opened between the king and the provisional government, and that even still a reconciliation may be effected. I do not believe it, though I wish it were true. The blood that has flowed during the last days has, I fear, created an impassable gulf between the sovereign and the people. Each party has made discoveries fatal to the good understanding necessary to subsist between both: one having proved his want of power to carry his wishes into effect, and the other having but too well evinced its powers of resistance.

While the negotiations are pending, the royal cause becomes every hour more hopeless. Success has rendered the people less tractable; and the concession implied by the king's holding out terms to them, has less chance of producing a favourable result.

The populace attempted to force an entrance into the courtyard of the *Hôtel des Pages*, and having fired through the iron gate, killed a fine youth, the son of General Jacquinot, one of the royal pages, and a protégé of the Duc de Guiche.

It was of this general that the Emperor Napoleon said—“*Celui là est brave tous les jours, en mon absence comme sous mes yeux.*” It is not more than ten days ago, since I met the mother and sister of this promising youth with him at the Duchesse de Guiche’s. They came to return thanks to her and the duc for the generous protection they had afforded to him; they were elate with joy at his promotion, looked forward to his further advancement, and now —. My heart bleeds for the poor mother who doted on her son!

Count Alfred d’Orsay, having heard that he had no relations in Paris at this moment, has gone to arrange for the interment of this poor youth, who yet scarcely more than a child, has lost his life at but a short distance from the threshold of that door where he had been so often received with kindness. How glad I am that the duchesse was spared the horror of being so near the scene of this murder, and that she and her children are safe from the reach of personal violence!

The interesting countenance of this fine youth, as I lately saw it, haunts me. Beaming with affection towards his mother and sister, and with gratitude towards his friends, it was pleasant to behold it; and now,—how fearful is the change produced in so brief a space! That bereaved



mother and fond sister will never more look on that face so dear;—before the fatal intelligence can have reached them, he will have been consigned to the grave, and will owe to a stranger those last rites which they little dream are now performing.

The number of persons killed during the last three days has excited much less interest in my feelings than the death of this poor youth. I cannot picture to my mind's eye any other distinct image among the slain. They present only a ghastly mass, with all the revolting accompaniments of gaping wounds and blood-stained garments. I never saw them in life,—knew not the faces that will be steeped in tears, or convulsed in agony at their deaths; but this poor boy, so young, so fair, and so beloved, and his fond mother and gentle sister seem ever to stand before me!

I remember reading, long years ago, the example given of a person recounting all the details of a great battle, in which hundreds were slain, and the listeners hearing the account unmoved, until the relater described one individual who had been killed, and drew a vivid picture, when those who had heard of the death of hundreds without any deeper emotion than general pity, were melted to tears. This is my case, with regard to the poor young page, cut off in

the morning of his life; for having his image present to my mind, his death seems more grievous to me than that of hundreds whom I have never seen.

30th.—The last news is, that the Dauphin has been named Generalissimo, that he has placed himself at the head of the vast body of troops that still adhere to their allegiance, and that he is to advance on Paris. This determination has been adopted too late, and can now, in my opinion, avail but little.

Count d'O—— has just returned from seeing the last sad duties paid to the remains of the poor young page. He brings the intelligence that the royal family left St. Cloud last night, and are now at Versailles. This step proves that they consider their case hopeless. Unhappy Bourbons! a fatality seems to impend over the race; and Charles the Tenth appears doomed to die, as he has lived the greater portion of his life, in exile. The absence of the Dauphine at this eventful period has been peculiarly unfortunate for her family; for, with her firmness of character and promptitude of decision, her counsel might have served, while her presence would have given an impetus to, their cause.

I have just seen ——, who told me, that on the King's departure for Versailles he left the Dauphin in command of the troops that still ad-

hered to their allegiance, and that the Prince placed himself at the head of a battalion of the *garde royale*, charged the enemy on the Pont de Sevres, and took possession of it; but the troops, with the exception of a few officers, refused to follow, and left him to receive the fire of the insurgents, which it is wonderful that he escaped. With what feelings must he have bent his course to Versailles, deserted by troops on whom he had bestowed so many favours and acts of munificence, to meet his sovereign and father, with the sad news of their revolt!

I have just had the gratifying intelligence that the Duchesse de Guiche and her children reached St. Germain's in safety. This is a great relief to my mind. The royal arms on the carriage, and the liveries, were recognised at the Barrière, and the populace crowded around, many of them expressing their dissatisfaction at beholding these memorials of a family so lately respected, if not beloved. It had been represented to the Duchesse, previously to her leaving Paris, that she ran no inconsiderable risk in venturing out with the royal arms on her carriage;\* but she declared that she would not con-

\* The Duc de Guiche, being *premier menin* to the Dauphin, used, according to custom, the arms and liveries of that prince.

sent to their being effaced. She courageously, and with a calm dignity, addressed the angry crowd, explained her sentiments and feelings to them in a few brief words, and they, won by her beauty and noble bearing, even perhaps still more than by her courage (though intrepidity has always a peculiar charm for Frenchmen), cheered her, and suffered the carriage to proceed unmolested.

*July 30th.*—I am again alarmed for the safety of the Duchesse de Guiche. The populace having yesterday assembled at the Place St. Germain, in which is the residence of her father-in-law, the Duc de Gramont, they evinced so hostile a feeling towards all attached to the royal family, that a friend, becoming apprehensive of violence, scaled the wall of the garden, and entering the house, implored the Duchesse, ere it was yet too late, to seek safety by flight.

Alarmed for her children—for this noble-minded woman is a stranger to personal fear—she sought refuge with them in the Forest of St. Germain, in the Château du Val, the abode of the Princesse de Poix, where she experiences all the kindness and hospitality which her amiable hostess can practise, in order to soothe the anxiety of her guest.

What a change in the position of the Duchesse, and in so brief a space! A fugitive in that

forest where, every year during the *Fête des Loges*, she dispensed kindness to the poor, and amiability to all, doing the honours of the Duc de Gramont's house, where her condescension and goodness were the themes of every tongue! And now, harassed in mind and body, terrified for the safety of her husband, who is with the royal family, and for her two eldest sons, who are in their college, in the Rue St. Marceau, which is rendered inaccessible, owing to the barricades.

31st.—Lafayette is now said to be the oracle of the provisional government, and the idol of the populace. Advanced far in the vale of life, his energies and vigour are gone, and his *name* serves the party more than his counsel can; for with the republicans, at least, it is a guarantee for honest motives. What a strange destiny has his been—called on to perform so conspicuous a part in two revolutions!

— has just been here, and announced that the Duc d'Orleans is named Lieutenant-general of France. It is asserted that this appointment has been effected by the influence of General Lafayette over the provisional government; but how little in accordance is this measure with the well-known Utopian scheme of a republic, which has for years been the favourite dream of this venerable visionary?

*August 1st.*— — now has brought the intelligence that Charles the Tenth has nominated the Duc d'Orleans Lieutenant-general, so that his Royal Highness has been chosen by both sides—a flattering proof of the confidence reposed in him by each. Were he ambitious, here is an opportunity of indulging this “infirmity of noble minds,” though at the expense of the elder branch of his family; but he will not, I am sure, betray the trust they have confided to him. Order seems now to be in a great measure restored; the people appear in good humour; but there is a consciousness of power evident in their hilarity that too forcibly reminds one of their victory.

The Duc of Orleans has been to the Hôtel de Ville, where he presented himself to the people from the balcony; embraced General Lafayette, who stood by his side, and was applauded with enthusiasm by the immense multitude who witnessed the *accolade*.

*2d.*—The news of the day is, that Charles the Tenth has abdicated the crown in favour of the Duc de Bordeaux, who is now styled Henri V. This act might, four or five days ago, have produced some salutary effect; but it now comes too late—at least, so think those who profess to know more on the subject than I do. The position of the Lieutenant-general in this case,

reminds me of that of a *confidante* in a quarrel between lovers, in which the interest of the absent is too often sacrificed, owing to the dangerous opportunity furnished for forwarding that of the supposed friend.

3*d.*—Again, considerable excitement has prevailed in the town, produced by the proclamation, that the dethroned sovereign had determined to take up his position, with the strong military force that still adheres to him, at Rambouillet. The publicity given to this news was a very injudicious measure, if conciliation, or even forbearance to the deposed family, was desired.

The populace, that many-headed monster, only seen abroad when evil passions dictate violence, again rush through the streets, breathing vengeance against the poor old man, (whose gray hairs, more exposed by the absence of the crown his *ci-devant* subjects have wrested from his head, should have claimed more respect at their hands.) Truly has the poet said,

“He who has worn a crown,  
When less than king is less than other men;—  
A fallen star extinguished leaving blank  
Its place in heaven.”

This fickle people, or, at least, the dregs of them, for it would be unjust to confound all in

their enormities, will efface the credit they have gained by the forbearance from crime that has as yet characterized this revolution, by some act of brutality towards the royal family. But even the very dregs of the people have not appeared desirous to adopt any such course, until excited into it by the wicked rumours set afloat, that Charles the Tenth had carried off all the crown jewels, a rumour peculiarly calculated to excite their ire, and meet a ready credence, each individual of the motley train looking on himself as having an interest in these national riches, and judging from *self*, of the possibility, nay, more, probability, of so vile an action. How little can such minds identify themselves with the feelings of those who, sated with the gewgaws and trappings of grandeur, forget them in the deep, the powerful excitement of beholding a throne crumbling into ruin beneath them—a diadem rudely torn from their brows, the power they wielded, even that of doing good, wrested violently, with the sceptre, from their hands; and more than all, behold the loved, the *trusted*—those on whom they had showered benefits with prodigality, turn from them in their hour of need and join their foes!

“If thou canst hate, as, oh! that soul must hate  
Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great;



If thou canst loathe and execrate with me  
That gallic garbage of philosophy,—  
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,  
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes;  
If thou hast got within thy free-born breast  
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest  
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul  
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,  
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,  
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god!"

*August 4th.*—The King has left Rambouillet, alarmed by the report of the approach of the vast multitude who had left, or were leaving, Paris, with hostile intentions towards the royal family. The scenes that took place then previously to his departure, are represented as being most affecting.

An old man, overpowered by mental and bodily sufferings, remembering the terrible days of a former revolution, brought with a fearful vividness to his mind by the appalling change effected within the last few eventful days, he had lost all presence of mind, and with it his confidence in those whom he might have safely trusted, while he yielded to those whose interests were wholly opposed to his. Nor is the deplorable effect produced on his mind by recent events to be wondered at.

Adversity is the only school in which monarchs can acquire wisdom, and it almost always

comes too late to enable them to profit by its bitter lessons. The defection of those hitherto supposed to be devoted friends, the altered looks of faces never before beheld without being dressed in smiles, the unceremoniousness of courtiers who never previously had dared to have an opinion before royalty had decided what it should be, might well have shook firmer nerves, and touched a sterner heart, than belonged to the old, gray-headed monarch, who saw himself betrayed without comprehending by whom, and who used his authority as sovereign and father, over his religiously obedient son, to extort an abdication of his right, as well as an approval of the resignation of his own.

Like another Lear, this poor old man has been driven forth "to bide the pelting of the pitiless storm" of a revolution, followed by his widowed daughter-in-law and her helpless son, that child orphaned ere yet he saw the light, and by Frenchmen who now condemn him to exile!

They have taken the route to Cherbourg, there to embark; and of those who lately bent the knee before them, how few have followed their now gloomy fortunes! One, at least, has not left, and will not forsake them. The Duc de Guiche, the kindest husband and father perhaps in France, sacrifices his feelings of domestic affection to his sense of duty, and accompanies the exiled family!

## CHAPTER XIII.

Rumour relative to the Son of Napoleon--Unsettled State of Affairs—Conflicting Rumours—The Duke of Orleans—Chance of a Crown—Aspect of the Champs Elysees—Unsought popularity—Comte d'Orsay—Scene of Destruction—Shattered Trees—Pride of the People—Reaction after Excitement—Anecdote—The Jeweller's Wife—Passions of the French—Playing at Soldiers—Enthusiasm of the *Garde Nationale*—Return to Paris of the Duchesse de Guiche—Confidence of the Duc—Courage of the Duchesse—General Gerard—The Duke of Orleans accepts the Crown—Popularity an unstable Possession—Abilities of Louis Philippe—Expectations formed of him—Person of Lafayette—Appearance in public of the new Sovereign—The Queen—Her painful position—The King of the French in the Place Vendome—Monsieur Mignet—His varied acquirements—The celebrated General Peppe—Strange Infatuation—Charles the Tenth embarks at Cherbourg—Devotion to the exiled Bourbons—The English popular at Paris—Mr. Hamilton, Secretary of the Embassy—Brilliant Conversation of M. Thiers—The Prince and Princess Soutzo—Mr. Poulter—Lesson of Resignation—Departure for England—Leave-taking—Adieu to Paris.

*August 5th.*—THERE are rumours to-day that the son of the Emperor Napoleon will be called to fill the vacant throne. This seems to me to be very improbable, when I reflect that General Lafayette, whose influence is omnipo-

tent at present, appears wholly devoted to the Duc d'Orleans. The minds of the people are as yet wholly unsettled; a dread of how their late exploits may be looked on by the foreign powers allied to the deposed sovereign, pervades the multitude, and the republicans begin to discover that their Utopian schemes are little likely to be advanced by the revolution effected.

I was forcibly struck this morning on reading, in an Italian writer, the following passage, which is strongly applicable to the present time: "When a revolution is ripe, men are always found who are ready to commence it, and make their bodies the steps to the throne of him who is to profit by their labours, without having shared their dangers." I have a presentiment that the truth of this axiom will be verified in France.

*August 6th.*—Reports are now afloat that the crown of France has been offered to the Duke of Orleans, but that the offer was not unanimous, and that consequently he has not accepted it. Other rumours state, that if he should be induced to do so, it will only be to hold it as a sacred deposit to be restored to the rightful owner when, with safety to both parties, it can be transferred. Should this be the case, then will the Duke of Orleans deserve well of the elder branch of his family who have be-

haved so kindly towards him, but I confess I am not one of those who believe in the likelihood of such an abnegation of self, as this voluntary abdication would display.

Rich possessions are seldom if ever willingly resigned, and a crown is one said to have such irresistible charms to the person who has once worn it, that history furnishes but few examples like that of Charles the Fifth, or Christina of Sweden. Time will prove whether Louis Philippe d'Orleans will offer a *pendant*!

I walked with Comte d'O—— this evening into the Champ Elysées, and great was the change effected there within the last few days. It looks ruined and desolate, the ground cut up by the pieces of cannon, and troops as well as the mobs that have made it a thoroughfare, and many of the trees greatly injured, if not destroyed.

A crowd was assembled around a man who was reading aloud for their edification a proclamation nailed to one of the trees. We paused for a moment to hear it, when some of the persons recognizing my companion, shouted aloud, "*Vive le Comte d'Orsay! Vive le Comte d'Orsay!*" and the cry being taken up by the mass, the reader was deserted, the fickle multitude directing all their attention and enthusiasm to the new comer. We had some difficulty in

escaping from these troublesome and unexpected demonstrations of good will; and, while hurrying from the scene of this impromptu ovation to the unsought popularity of my companion, I made him smile by hinting at the danger in which he stood of being raised to the vacant throne by those who seem not to know or care who is to fill it.

Comte d'O—— was as much puzzled as I was how to account for this burst of enthusiasm, for, taking no part in politics, and all his family being attached to the legitimate cause, this demonstration of regard appears more inexplicable. It seems, however, to establish one fact, and that is, that though the monarch has fallen into disrepute with the people, the aristocracy have not, and this alone proves how totally different are the feelings of those who have effected the present revolution with those of the persons who were engaged in the former one, a difference, perhaps, not more to be attributed to the change produced in the people by the extension of education, than in the *noblesse* by the same cause, aided by the habits and feelings it engenders. Whatever may be the cause, the effect is salutary, for the good understanding evident between the two classes tends greatly to the amelioration and advantage of both. There is something very contagious in popular feeling. It

resembles an epidemic from which few of the class more peculiarly exposed to it escape.

Walked into the streets to-day, for a carriage cannot yet pass through them. Never did any town, not actually sacked, present a more changed aspect. Houses damaged by shots, windows smashed, pavements destroyed, and trees cut down or mutilated, meet the eye along the Boulevards. The destruction of the trees excited more regret in my mind than that of the houses. There, many of them lay on the ground shorn of their leafy honours, offering obstructions on the spots which they so lately ornamented, while others stood bare and desolate, their giant limbs lopped off, their trunks shattered by bullets, and retaining only a few slight branches on high, to which still adhered the parched, discoloured, and withered leaves, sole remnants of their lately luxuriant foliage.

The houses may be rebuilt and the streets newly paved, but how many years will it take before these trees can be replaced! Those who loved to repose beneath their shade, or who, pent in a city, were solaced by beholding them and thinking of the country, of which they brought pleasant recollections, will grieve to miss them, and, like me, own with a sigh, while contemplating the ravages occasioned by the events of the last few days, that if good

ever is effected by that most dangerous of all experiments, a revolution, it is too dearly bought.

The people seem as proud and pleased as possible with the accomplishment of the task they took in hand. How long will they continue so? They are like a too-spirited horse who, having mastered his rider, requires a bolder and more expert hand to subjugate him again to obedience, and the training will be all the more painful from the previous insubordination. Of one thing the people may be proud, and that is, their having not stained this revolution with any of the crimes that have left so indelible a blot on the former one.

How soon does the mind habituate itself to an unnatural state of excitement! My *femme de chambre* positively looked blank and disappointed this morning, when, on entering my *chambre à coucher*, she answered in reply to my question, whether anything new had occurred during the night, "*Non, miladi, positivement rien.*" Strange to say, I too felt *désœuvré* by the want of having something to be alarmed or to hope about—I, who meddle not with politics, and wish all the world to be as quiet and as calm as myself. Every one I see appears to experience this same flatness, just like the reaction produced on the spirits the first day or two



after the Italian Carnival, when the cessation of gaiety, thought felt to be a relief to the frame, leaves the mind unfitted for repose.

I find this feeling is generally experienced, for several of the shop-keepers, whose profit,—nay, whose very bread, depends on the restoration of social order, confess it. One person, the wife of a jeweller, owned to me to-day that Paris was now beginning to be very *triste*.

“To be sure they were no longer afraid to open their shops, and commerce they hoped would soon become active again, but there was no more the same interest continually awakened, as when every hour—nay, every minute brought some new event, and she and her neighbours looked out to behold the fighting in the streets, the wounded and the dying dropping around, and trembled for their own lives, and for the safety of those dear to them.” In short, as she admitted, the want of excitement was experienced by all those who had lately become accustomed to it, as much as it is felt by the habitual gamester who cannot live without play.

This is a dangerous state for the people of a great city to find themselves in. Vastly more dangerous than if subdued by a long-continued excess of excitement, their moral as well as

their physical force required repose, and they gladly resigned themselves to it.

To a sober-minded denizen of England, the ungovernable pride, insatiable vanity, and love of fighting, inherent in the French, appear really little short of insanity, to so great an excess do they push these manias. This will always render them so difficult to be governed, that it will require no ordinary abilities and firmness in him who undertakes the arduous task of ruling them. Yet the very excess of these passions renders the French the most able, as they decidedly are the most willing, instruments to be employed in achieving the aims of the wildest ambition, or the most glorious enterprises. He will the longest and most securely govern them, who calls these passions into action, provided always that they meet no check, for the French not only bear adversity impatiently, but soon turn against him who has exposed them to it: witness their conduct to the Emperor Napoleon, who, while success crowned his banner, was their idol.

Playing at soldiers is the favourite game of Frenchmen of every class and description, and every opportunity afforded them of indulging it is gladly seized. When I compare the reluctance with which the yeomanry of Ireland, or the local militia of England, leave their homes

and their business to "assume the spear and shield," with the enthusiasm evinced by the *Garde Nationale* when they are called to leave their *boutiques* and don their uniforms, I am more than ever struck with the remarkable difference existing between two nations separated by so short a distance. The English local militia man will fight when occasion requires, and with determined courage, too, because he believes it to be his duty, but the French National Guard will combat for the mere love of combatting, and forget home and interest in the pleasure of the excitement.

The Duchesse de Guiche has returned to Paris, while her amiable and noble-minded husband has accompanied the royal family to Cherbourg, where they are to embark for England. Nothing can exceed the courage and dignity with which she supports her altered fortunes. She thinks only of those to whom the Duc and herself have been so long and so truly devoted; and in her chagrin for their sufferings forgets her own.

The Duc has such a perfect confidence in her good sense and tact, that he has sent her his *procuration* to act for him in his absence. No sooner had she arrived at her abode, than she sent to demand the protection of General Gerard\*

\* Now Maréchal.

for the house and stables of the Dauphin, and he immediately ordered a guard to be placed there. Heaven grant that she may not be exposed to any annoyance during the absence of her husband!

The Duchesse de Guiche gave a new proof of her courage and presence of mind yesterday. Early in the morning, having heard a noise in the courtyard of her dwelling, she beheld from the window of her chamber an officer gesticulating with violence, and menacing the grooms of the Dauphin. The upper servant entered at the moment, and announced that the officer insisted on seizing six of the finest horses in the stable, by order of General Lafayette.

The Duchesse descended to the courtyard, informed the officer that the whole establishment was under the protection of General Gerard, without whose orders no horse should leave the stable. He attempted to enforce his pretensions; but the Duchesse desired the head groom to call out his assistants, about thirty in number, who, armed with pitchforks and other implements of their calling, soon came forth; and the Duchesse assured the intruder that, unless he immediately retired, he should be forcibly expelled.

Seeing the courage and determination of this high-spirited and beautiful woman, the officer withdrew, and the horses were saved. It has

since been ascertained, as the Duchesse anticipated, that General Lafayette had never given any orders to the officer who had used his name.

*7th.*—The Duke of Orleans has at length accepted the crown; and various are the conjectures and reports to which his doing so has given rise. Many of them, as may be easily imagined, are not creditable to him; but on this occasion, as on most others, the least charitable motives are generally assigned to those whose conduct is judged by the mass often wholly ignorant of the reasons on which it is based. The vast wealth of the Duke of Orleans has a powerful influence; and those who a few days ago exclaimed against royalty, and vaunted the superior advantages of a government without a king, are now reconciled to having one whose immense private fortune will exempt the nation from the necessity of furnishing funds for a civil list. Should the new sovereign hereafter demand one, his popularity will be endangered; and the King of the French, as he is styled, will be likely to find as little favour in the eyes of his subjects as the King of France experienced.

Popularity, always, and in all countries, an unstable possession, is in France infinitely more so; and Louis Philippe must have more luck, as well as more wisdom, than falls to the lot of

mankind, to retain this fleeting good when the novelty of his reign has worn away. That he is a man of great ability no one seems to entertain a doubt; but his wisdom would, in my opinion at least, have been more surely manifested had he declined instead of accepting the crown.

Those who profess to be best acquainted with his sentiments declare, that he only acceded to the wishes of the people in ascending the vacant throne, in order to preserve the charter, and to preclude the dangerous theoretical experiments into which the republican party was so desirous to plunge. It remains to be proved whether in a few years hence, those who have subverted one monarchy by violence may not be tempted to have recourse to a similar measure in order to free themselves from the successor they have chosen; for even already it appears clear to me, that the expectations entertained, not only by the partisans of Louis Philippe, but by the generality of the people, are such as he never can fulfil. He may be their idol for a brief space, but like all other idols, he will be expected to perform miracles; and not having the sanctity with which time invests even false gods, he may be thrown from the pedestal to which he has been elevated as unceremoniously as he was raised to it.

I saw General Lafayette to-day, and never felt more disappointed, as his appearance does not at all correspond with what I had imagined it to be. The "*Lafayette aux cheveux blancs*," as the popular song describes him to be, is, *au contraire*, a plain old man, with a dark brown scratch wig, that conceals his forehead, and, consequently, gives a very common and, to my thinking, a disagreeable expression to his countenance. The *cheveux blancs* would be a great improvement; for, independently of the song thus describing him, one looks for the venerable mark of age in this Nestor of revolutions, who in his youth has seen his idol, Liberty, commit fearful crimes in France as well as great deeds in America, and who now, when on the threshold of the grave, in which ere long he must repose, beholds her regeneration in his native land, redeemed from the cruelty that formerly stained her course.

"*Voilà le grand Lafayette!*" exclaimed one of the people as he passed to-day; "*Oui, la ganache des deux mondes*," replied the other. Such is popular favour!

I walked in the Palais Royale to-day; and felt much more disposed to pity than envy the King of the French, as Louis Philippe is styled, when I beheld a crowd of idle miscreants, assembled in front of his dwelling, rudely and

boisterously vociferating his name, and in a tone much more resembling command than entreaty, desiring his presence. He at length came forward, bowed repeatedly, pressed his hand to his heart, and then withdrew, looking, as I thought, rather ashamed of the *rôle* he was called on to enact, while his riotous audience seemed elated at exhibiting his docility.

The Queen was then called for, and, after some delay, was handed forward by Louis Philippe. It made me sad to look on the altered countenance of this amiable woman, whom all parties allow to be a most faultless wife and mother. She is hardly to be recognised as the same being who only a very few months ago looked the personification of happiness. Already has deep care and anxiety left their furrows on her brow, proving that

A diadem, howe'er so bright it be,  
Brings cares that frighten gentle sleep away,  
E'en when from buried ancestors it comes,  
Who bless'd when they bequeath it to their heir;  
For great is the responsibility  
Of those who wear the symbol of a king,  
In regular succession handed down  
From sire to son through long antiquity.  
But when th' anointed head that wore it once  
Sleeps not in death—but exiled, worse than death—  
And scions legitimate live to claim  
Their birthright, oh! how heavy is that crown



(Though loose it fits), which well the wearer knows,  
A people's breath may blow from off his brow,  
Sear'd by the burning weight it yet would guard,  
E'en though it crush him.

I am told that no day passes in which a crowd does not assemble beneath the windows of Louis Philippe and loudly vociferate for his presence. M. Laffitte is not unfrequently seen with the king on these occasions, and when they embrace the crowd applaud.

I cannot imagine a more painful position than that of the Queen of the French. Devotedly attached to her husband and family, she will have often to tremble for their safety, exposed, as it must be, to the inconstancy and evil passions of his *soi-disant* subjects, who may, ere long, be disposed to pull down the throne they have erected for Louis Philippe as rapidly as they raised the barricades for its elevation.

Had the King of the French succeeded to the throne by the natural demise of those who stood between him and it, how different would be his position; for it is agreed by all who know him, that he has many qualities that eminently fit him to fill it with credit to himself and advantage to the people; but as it is, I foresee nothing but trouble and anxiety for him—a melancholy change from the domestic

happiness he formerly enjoyed. Any attempt to check the turbulence of the people will be resented as an act of the utmost ingratitude to those who placed the crown on his head; and if he suffers it with impunity, he will not only lose his empire over them, but incur the contempt of the more elevated of his subjects.

I saw the King of the French walking through the place Vendôme to-day, attended only by one person. He was recognised and cheered, and returned the salutation very graciously. And there stood the column erected to commemorate the victories of one now sleeping in a foreign grave; one whose very name was once the talisman that excited all Parisian hearts into the wildest enthusiasm!

Louis Philippe passed near the base of the column, which seemed to return a sullen echo to the voices that cheered him; did he, or those around him, remember their vicinity to this striking memorial of the inconstancy of the nation? The scene awakened more reflections in my mind than I dare say it did in that of those whose voices rent the air; but though it might be only fancy, I thought the King of the French looked very grave.

Monsieur Mignet spent last evening here; his conversation is full of interest, being the overflowing of a rich mind, free from prejudices, and his ideas, though methodically arranged and

subjected to the ordeal of a sober judgment, bear the warm tint of a brilliant imagination, that might have rendered him a poet, had he not chosen to be a historian. The Revolution has produced no visible change in this clever and agreeable man, who, filling the office of Keeper of the Archives, devotes his time to studies and researches in harmony with the pursuits to which he has many years been accustomed, and bears the success of the popular cause, to which he has long been attached, with a moderation and equanimity highly indicative of a philosophical mind, allied to an amiable disposition. There is something so striking in the appearance of Monsieur Mignet, that all strangers, who meet him here, remark the fine character of his head and the expression of his countenance.

The celebrated General Peppé dined here yesterday, and is very unlike the revolutionary hero I had pictured him to be. Mild, well-bred, and amiable in his manner, he seems much more suited to command a regiment in support of a legitimate monarchy, than to subvert one. Although liberty appears to be with him a monomania, the warmth with which he advocates it in conversation never urges him beyond the bounds of good breeding.

It is a strange infatuation to suppose that as civilization extends its influence, men will

have faith in the Utopian schemes of well-meaning visionaries, and risk evils they know not, in exchange for a state which, if not quite faultless, has at least much of good. How many brave and honourable men become the dupes of heated imaginations and erroneous opinions, which, urging them to effect an amelioration of some grievances, incur the penalty of imparting greater ones! General Peppé is liked by all who know him, though all lament the monomania that has gained such an ascendancy over his mind. His brother, General Florestan Peppé at Naples, whom we esteem so much, is one of the most excellent men I ever knew.

The Duc de Guiche has returned to Paris, after having seen the royal family safely embarked at Cherbourg. The departure of the aged monarch presented a melancholy scene. At his time of life, he can never hope to behold his country again, and the sudden change from the throne of a great kingdom to a compelled exile in a foreign land is a reverse of fortune that demands a philosophy to support, with which few are blest.

There is something touching in the attachment of the Duc and Duchesse de Guiche to this unfortunate family, and above all, to the Dauphin and Dauphine. Always aware of their affection for them, I never imagined

the strength of it, until the adversity which has sent so many of those who had previously loudly professed their devotion to them away, but which has increased the feelings of reverence towards them in this estimable couple, by mingling with it a sentiment of deep commiseration, that induces a still greater display of respect, now that so many others dispense with evincing it. The Duc is charged with the disposal of the property of the Dauphin; and, when this task is accomplished, he and his family will follow the fallen fortunes of Charles the Tenth, and join him at Holyrood.

Loving France as they do, and wishing their sons to be brought up in the land of their birth, strong indeed must be the affection that induces them to abandon it, in order to devote themselves to the exiled Bourbons. This devotion to the fallen is the more meritorious, when the liberality of the Duc's political opinions is taken into consideration. How few sovereigns find such devotion in adversity, and how seldom are men to be met with, capable of sacrificing their own interests, and the future prospects of their children to a sense of duty!

A lapse in my journal.—All seems now settled. The foreign powers have acknowledged the King of the French, and this acknowledgment has not only delighted his subjects, but confirmed them in the belief of

their own right to make or unmake sovereigns according to their will and pleasure.

The English are very popular in Paris at this moment, and the ready recognition of Louis Philippe by our government has increased this good feeling. A vast crowd escorted the carriage of Mr. Hamilton, the Secretary of the Embassy, to his door, as he returned from his first accredited audience of the new monarch, and cries of *Vive les Anglais!* filled the air. As Mr. Hamilton resides in the house next to the one I occupy, I had an opportunity of beholding this ovation offered to him, and the people certainly evinced very great enthusiasm on the occasion.

M. Thiers, M. Mignet, Count Valeski, and Mr. Francis Baring, dined here yesterday. M. Thiers was very brilliant and amusing. It is impossible to meet him even once without being struck with the remarkable talent that characterizes every sentence he utters, and yet each observation comes forth with such spirit and vivacity, that it is easy to see it has been elicited at the moment by some remark from another, and not from meditation.

There is a hardiness in his conceptions, and an epigrammatic terseness in the expression of them, that command attention, and the readiness with which he seizes, analyzes, and disposes of a question, betrays such a versatility of men-

tal power as to convey a conviction that he is a man who cannot fail to fill a distinguished place in France, where at present, abilities furnish the master-key that opens the door to honours and fortune. M. Thiers appears to entertain a consciousness of his talents, but does not, I really think, overrate them.

The Prince and Princess Soutzo with their family, spent yesterday with us. Their eldest daughter, the Princess Helena, is a beautiful girl, with captivating manners, and highly cultivated mind, and the little Mary, though still in infancy, is one of the cleverest children I ever saw. Never did I see young people better brought up than are the sons and daughters of this excellent couple, nor a more united family.

Mr. and Miss Poulter, and William Spencer, the poet, dined here yesterday. Mr. Poulter is a sensible man, and his sister is well informed and intelligent.

It is now decided that we go to England! Two years ago I should have returned there with gladness, but now!—I dread it. How changed will all appear without *him* whose ever watchful affection anticipated every wish, and realized every hope! I ought to feel pleased at leaving Paris, where the heaviest trial of my life has occurred, but *here* I have now learned to get inured to the privation of his society,

while in England I shall have again to acquire the hard lessons of resignation.

*November, 1830.*—This is the last entry I shall make in my journal in Paris, for to-morrow we depart for England.

I have passed the day in taking leave of those dear to me, and my spirits have failed under the effort. Some of them I shall probably never again behold. The dear excellent Madame Craufurd is among those about whom I entertain the most melancholy presentiments, because at her advanced age I can hardly hope to find her, should I again return to France. She referred to this to-day with streaming eyes, and brought many a tear to mine by the sadness of her anticipations.

The Duc and Duchesse de Guiche I shall soon see in England, on their route to Edinburgh, to join the exiled family at Holyrood, for they are determined not to forsake them in adversity.

Adieu, Paris! two years and a half ago I entered you with gladness, and the future looked bright: I leave you with altered feelings, for the present is cheerless and the future clouded.









Dear Sir, I am so glad to hear  
of how I have been loved.  
I am extremely glad and thank  
you for the letter I have just received.

HF

236700

Author Blessington, Marguerite Gardiner, Countess of B6477i

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